DAYDREAMS OF A DOCTOR



C. BARLOW, M. D.



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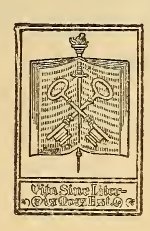


" My day's work is done."

DAYDREAMS OF A DOCTOR

BY

C. BARLOW, M. D.



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To my wife,
to physicians everywhere,
and to their wives
and husbands.

Preface

AS a title for this work I have chosen "Daydreams of a Doctor." While it may not seem, on first thought, to be the most appropriate, yet the subjects treated of are those which have occupied my mind during idle hours when there was little to do but to think over the many important questions connected with my peculiar profession. Much of the material presented I trust will be found of interest to the well-informed layman. Many lessons of value in the management of the sick, and especially of the contagious and infectious diseases have been presented in such a manner as was thought would be most instructive to the lay reader.

It has seemed to the writer that the medical profession as a useful and even an indispensable factor to mankind has never been fully appreciated. It has, therefore, been one of the objects in presenting this work to the public to show in a comprehensive way the responsibilities of the physician, not only as a specialist but as a general practitioner. The half has not been told of the peculiar life and work of the physician, his responsibilities, the invaluable services he renders to society, and the dangers to which he is often exposed. These are all features of his everyday life, which the writer has tried to illustrate.

Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, in his "Doctor and Patient," says, "I still think there remains to be written the simple, honest, dutiful story of an intelligent, thoughtful, everyday doctor, such as will pleasantly and fitly open to laymen some true conception of the life he leads—its cares, its trials, its influences on himself and others, and its varied rewards." This, in part, has been attempted in these pages. The story is not complete—it never will be, perhaps,—but enough has been presented to give a fair conception of the real life of the plain, hardworking, everyday doctor.

Woman has been recognized in these pages as the equal of man, not only in the practice of medicine, but in other walks of life as well. Incidents from actual practice are interspersed. The vein of romance running through the work, the writer ventures to hope, may not be uninteresting.

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
	Preface,	vii
I	Reveries,	1
II	Surgery and the Surgeon,	10
III	Ophthalmology and the Ophthalmologist,	23
IV	Neurology and the Neurologist,	37
V	Insanity and the Alienist,	46
VI	Bacteriology and the Bacteriologist,	56
VII	Preventive Medicine,	74
VIII	Woman,.	89
IX	The Woman Doctor,	112
X	The General Practitioner,	122
XI	Doctor Crook,	138
XII	The Lady Doctor Talks,	164
XIII	Reminiscences,	187
XIV	In the Country,	209
XV	A Coincidence,	240

Illustrations

"My day's work is done." . . . . . . *frontispiece*

"My horses jumped from a bridge into the overflowing stream." . . . *facing page* 2

"You see the surgeon at work." . . . " 18

"He gives the man a sharp look.". . . " 54

"A little one-story cabin of round logs." " 66

"A lady advancing toward you." . . . " 112

"You are either a fool or a knave." . . " 140

"The old lady stood in front of me, and gesticulated with both hands." . " 192

"Silently taking the hand of his companion, he places the ring upon her finger." . . . . " 250

Daydreams of a Doctor

Daydreams of a Doctor

Chapter I

Reveries

MY day's work is done—so far as it is possible for a physician to know,—and I find myself in my library with a Webster's Dictionary on one side, a medical dictionary on the other, a Johnson's Cyclopædia near at hand, and books and papers and journals all about me. But I do not busy myself with these, for my mind has been carried, by some trivial incident, back to my early career as a physician, and I think of many things—of my college days, of my first experiences in a professional way, of the long years of hard work, and of the amount of good I have done in the world—or tried to do,—of the manner in which my services have been appreciated, and the various phases of my past life. I think of my many medical friends, and especially of those who have been burdened with a large practice, whose heads are prematurely gray, whose faces are becoming wrinkled before their time, whose eyes and features give indisputable evidences of the student life they are leading, of the great burden of responsibility they are carrying, and of the many dangers they are compelled to face in their peculiar

calling. I think of storms, of dark nights, of high waters, and especially of a time when my own horses became frightened at a flash of lightning and jumped from a bridge into the overflowing stream, and of what a narrow escape I had that night. I think of the contagious diseases to which these physician friends of mine must have been exposed, and of the various other dangers and hardships they are continually undergoing for the sake of humanity in general and of their families in particular. I think of their hard contests with disease, and of what heroic fights they so frequently make for the lives of their patients, and how they hold the grim monster at bay and protect the entire populace against the ravages of contagious and infectious diseases; and I think of one in particular—one of my early friends—who made an unusually good record, and whom I will introduce to you as Doctor Samuel Jones, who, something less than twenty years ago, was a young man full of life, hope, and energy, and who had recently become the possessor of a piece of parchment familiarly known as a "sheepskin."

He had been looking forward with great expectations to the time when he should possess this coveted document, and now that he had secured it, the great question presented to his mind was—what was he to do with it? His daydreams of the past three or four years were now actually fulfilled; the time had at last—though slow in coming—arrived when he was the proud possessor of the very important scroll which entitled him to pursue the practice of medicine in any part of the United States. What part of it must he select as most likely to furnish



"My horses jumped from a bridge into the overflowing stream."

immediate returns, in a financial way, for the ability which he believed himself to possess, and for which he felt sure some particular locality was at that very moment anxiously and impatiently waiting?

In his dreams of the future he had pictured a clientele of prosperous farmers, or business men, or both, who would, of course, appreciate him at once, and would amply remunerate him in solid cash for the many professional services he could already see himself—in his imagination—cheerfully but anxiously rendering them. Some, he imagined, would almost take the risk of a slight indisposition just to give him a chance to display his extraordinary abilities, which, of course, would be meekly and modestly brought into service upon his magnanimous patients. He (this young medicus) even dreamed of pleasant drives in a magnificent turnout of his own, and a beautiful home, backed by sufficient funds to amply meet the demands of such a home and of such a life. He dreamed of wealth and reputation within a few years to come, and he even had the assurance to dream of retiring at the early age of fifty. His practice, of course, would be amongst a class of people who would always pay their bills, and almost go into ecstasies over their appreciation of his services, and back their words by the immediate deposit of cash, with an occasional bonus for what they considered extraordinary skill.

In his dreams his patients nearly always recovered; and if one happened to die it was generally the result of unforeseen circumstances, or was beyond the power of human aid from the beginning, and, of course, would be

so regarded by all interested parties. In his dreamings dark nights and stormy days were ignored; the hard battles at the bedside, and the great anxiety and mental worry, were lost sight of, and for him smooth sailing, with now and then a sprinkle of hard work and a little solicitude, would be the price of the wealth and affluence which surely must be his.

We see him now after a few years of practice. He found what he believed to be a suitable location in a little village in a good farming community. He has ceased his daydreams, and is now struggling hard for an existence and doing his dreaming at night when all but he are sleeping soundly. He dreams, not of wealth and ease, but of hard work and aching head and limbs—and funerals. He has visited a number of very sick people during the day, and has had many very perplexing questions to decide; in fact, he has made decisions upon which he believed the very lives of his patients depended; and now in his dreams he can see the coffin of his patient, and the minister and the undertaker performing the last sad rites; and he hears the friends, in a sorrowful but cruel way, giving vent in an uncompromising manner to their belief that if the doctor had treated the case differently the patient would not have died. He has dreams of a different character in regard to another patient to whom he has given heroic treatment for a desperate malady; and now in his sleep he sees him in the throes of death as a result of a desperate blow aimed at the disease, but which, unfortunately, hit the patient. He dreams of his little patients looking silently into his face as though

calling for that help which he knows he cannot give; he sees them struggle, and at last cease to breathe, in their mothers' arms; he sees death holding high carnival: and he feels that he will be blamed for that which no mortal could prevent.

In his dreams he sees himself trying to collect a few dollars with which to supply the immediate needs of his little family, and, to his horror, learns that many are unable to pay. Some tell him his services were not worth paying for; others intimate that, if he insists, a suit for malpractice will be the result. The few honest customers, knowing his circumstances, had paid their bills when the services were rendered; and he is compelled to go home penniless to see the wolf staring in at the kitchen door. He dreams of unpaid rents and of the immediate needs of his family. He witnesses many such scenes, sees hideous visions, has the nightmare, almost gets out of bed and walks in his sleep; and finally awakes, more dead than alive, to resume the arduous and responsible duties of the day.

He experiences all this and more. He learns that his night dreams are more real than his daydreams — that the physician's life is full of trials and privations. He now realizes that the pleasures of home — not that home he dreamed of in the daytime, but that little obscure home, poor as it is, the dearest place on earth to him — must be sacrificed, together with many other pleasures, to the unrelenting demands of his profession. He now realizes that his life work, his chosen profession, has enchained him as completely as any black man was bound in the

days of slavery. It is an honored servitude and a voluntary one; but, going as it does under the guise of a learned and noble profession, it is perhaps not germane to mention its victims as slaves, but physicians — guardians of the health of the people, archenemies of disease, or men of science, devotees at the shrine of Æsculapius — and of the microbe.

We next see our friend in his full manhood after several years of arduous and responsible work, still in the vigor of life, but nearer the top of the hill. He knows all about the struggles and hardships and disappointments of the early career of the general practitioner; he also has by this time some realization of the success, financially and otherwise — but mostly otherwise — of the average physician. He has, however, by dint of hard work and economy, driven the wolf from his door, and the human parasites — I mean those who deserve the name, but not the worthy poor — from his clientele; and he can now afford three square meals a day, and a real covered buggy to ride in. He is still dreaming moderately in regard to the future in the daytime; and his night dreams are not so hideous, for he is now learning to sleep more like other mortals, and to disregard, when asleep, the impressions made upon his mind when awake.

But he still dreams — not altogether of himself, for he now has others to dream about, and it is their future welfare that he is considering; for who can estimate the possibilities of that boy or of that girl who has been liberally endowed by nature, and for whose development and moral training he feels himself responsible? Who can

tell the result of a misstep or a miscalculation on his part? The slightest circumstance sometimes changes the entire environment, or even the life itself, of an individual. Then how important are his obligations to the ones who by the ties of nature are so much to him and about whom he finds himself much more anxious than ever he was about his own welfare. There is no use to disguise the fact that their infantile days are over, and that the time has arrived, or is fast approaching, when they must be educated — sent off, perhaps, amongst strangers, or if not sent off, must be taken to another locality, where they can be given the advantages of a liberal education.

This he finds to be a very important epoch in his life. A mistake here means a great deal: it involves his financial success, and more; it involves the future — not only in this world, but in the world to come, perhaps — of his children, and of himself as well. But his dreams upon this subject are too numerous and complicated and indecisive to put upon record. They are the results of his environment; and perhaps it is better as it is than if he had lived where all these advantages had been near his door, and, because of their very nearness, not appreciated by himself or taken advantage of by his children.

He has now arrived at that period when he has been able to evolve some ideas of his own in a professional way, and we find him dreaming about the scientific progress of his profession since his advent into it. Has there been any real progress in all these years? Very few of the old remedies have been discarded, and not many of them have been put to new uses; and he knows but little more

of their physiological properties than he did. He has learned on this point that his predecessors had accurately learned what to expect from certain drugs, and from certain lines of treatment, but they could not tell how or why. The how and why he has learned in some instances; and in others like them he only knows he gets certain results, or believes he does, and is just as much in the dark as were his medical ancestors of a hundred years ago. He has become acquainted with many new remedies, but he is not sure that they are any better than the old ones; and some of them—many of them, in fact—have been tried and found wanting, and have been discarded as worse than useless. A few additions of real worth have been made to the pharmacopœia, and are here to stay; and this is the most he can say for therapeutic advancement so far, unless it be in regard to the physiological effects of alcohol and the specific treatment of contagious and infectious diseases. But he has had the pleasure of watching and admiring almost from its infancy the unparalleled growth of the science of bacteriology, and he feels proud of this legitimate offspring of modern research, and he is sure that in the strength of its manhood mighty things are to be expected of it. He already sees the spread of contagious and infectious diseases stayed by the mighty hand of this young giant; and he looks with admiration into the possibilities of its future growth and development.

In his dreams he can see, only a short distance in the future, the unveiling of some scientific facts that will astonish the world. Histology is being studied as never

before; biological experiments are being made by master minds; pathological processes are better understood; and the eve of a great discovery is near at hand. In his musings he can see the results of the investigations of the great leaders of his profession in the early dawn. He believes that in the physiological properties of the white blood corpuscles and their nuclei, and in the blood serum, lies hidden — but no longer deeply hidden — the key to the treatment of the infectious and contagious diseases.

In his reveries he sees the immense domain of medicine spread out before him, and he is astonished at its magnitude. This great expanse which spreads around him in all directions, farther than human eye can see, is divided into numerous fields known as specialties. Some of them he observes already in a high state of cultivation, while others are hardly rid of their rubbish. As he looks, he is astonished at their grandeur, and he wonders how so much work as is even now done could have been accomplished by human hand and brain. He is greatly impressed with the importance of the medical profession to mankind. He is still more impressed with the great weight of responsibility he sees resting upon the shoulders of the workers in many of these fields. And he decides to take a stroll over this domain and through these fields, and he invites you to go with him and there see for yourself something of the greatness of this profession, of its usefulness to mankind, and of the trials and hardships and responsibilities of its individual members — these magnanimous people who, in their efforts to prolong the lives of others, give up their own lives years before the allotted time.

Chapter II

Surgery and the Surgeon

THE doctor, in looking over the great domain of medicine, is attracted by, and at once passes into, the field of surgery, a field which challenges the admiration of the civilized world, and might justly be mentioned as the eighth wonder of the world, beside which the seven wonders sink into insignificance. Our dreamer in his mental wandering has seen this field when it was the densest forest of giant trees and a mere mesh of tangled undergrowth—in the days of Agenor, a Phœnician king, who dressed the wounded arm of a son of Priam; of Chiron the Thessalian, who is generally accredited as the father of surgery in the fabulous pages of Grecian history; of Æsculapius and his two sons, who were also surgeons; and the theological stage through which surgery, in common with other branches of knowledge, had to pass. He sees the Asclepiadæ, descendants of Æsculapius, who supplemented their ignorance by appeals to the gods, as did nearly all nations. He views the priests of India, the Magi of Egypt, the jugglers of China and Japan and the savage tribes of the two hemispheres (who depended chiefly upon their mysterious practices for their cures), and the surgical schools at Rhodes, Cnidus, and Cos, and in Egypt as well. He recognizes Pythagoras, and Heropholis (who was the first to direct attention to the radial pulse),

and Erasistratus, and Aristotle, and Celsus, and Galen, and Oribesius (who, at the request of the emperor Julian, compiled an encyclopedia of surgery of seventy-two volumes). He sees Actius, and the many surgeons of the following centuries, and the chirurgical tonsorial artists of the last century, his vision extending even unto the twentieth century, when the last vestige of forestry shall have been removed, and nothing left but the rich, productive soil of modern surgery. In this field he sees the ideality of cleanliness,—not cleanliness in the ordinary sense of the term, but that cleanliness which removes even the minutest forms of microörganisms,—and he is astonished at modern surgical technique, which is rapidly nearing perfection,—not, perhaps, absolute perfection, as that is scarcely attainable in this world, but that perfection which is sufficient for all practical purposes, but stops far enough short of the ideal to still give some original work for the future surgeon to do.

What has the surgeon of the nineteenth century accomplished? He has done so much that it is hard to tell it all or even to form a conception of an appropriate answer; but the one word which comes nearest expressing it is—*everything*. In his reveries our doctor sees surgery elevated from the most meager art to the ideality of art and of science; from the untrained hand of the barber, and of the but little better trained hand of the twelfth century doctor, to the most skillful hand of the liberally educated and scientific modern surgeon; and from the most barbarous—yet unavoidable—surgery as practiced before the discovery of anæsthetics, to the peaceful and

quiet and deliberate and painless surgery of the present time, with the patient sleeping calmly under the influence of an anæsthetic.

What can he say of anæsthesia, or, rather, of the men who discovered the anæsthetic effects of ether, of chloroform, of bromide of ethyl, and of cocaine? He is not sure but it is about enough to say that they were physicians, and being such it became possible for them to do more for the world and for mankind than all the heroes whose praises have been sounded by admiring historians or sung by poets since the time of Homer. Military men have been admired and lauded for their deeds of bravery in all ages; but what are the deeds of a warrior, whose business it is to take life, to destroy property, to spread carnage far and wide, and to bereave hosts of wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters, whose loss is a thousand times more to them than all the glory of all the generals of the world, as compared with the benefits to be derived from the discovery of anæsthetics? What should be the honors of the military chieftains as compared with the honors of those physicians whose life's work culminated in the discovery of a means by which surgical operations could be performed without pain and with much less danger to the life of the patient? Modern surgery was made possible only by the discovery of anæsthetics, and the millions of lives saved by the surgeon should be accredited in a measure to those brave men who even risked their own lives by inhaling the vapor of chloroform and of ether until they became unconscious, that they might give to suffering humanity the greatest possible boon — painless surgery.

Then surely these medical heroes should be placed high up among the immortals of the world as the greatest benefactors of them all.

Anæsthetics having been discovered, and painless surgical operations having become a possibility, our dreamer now looks with wonder and admiration at the work of the modern surgeon. In place of the horrified features, the unearthly cries, the tormenting agonies, and the sickening writhings of the suffering patient,—a scene, once witnessed, never to be forgotten,—he now sees the patient calmly sleeping while the surgeon is deliberately performing the operation. But there is yet much to be learned before surgery can be called a science in any sense of the term. The surgeon operates; nature does the rest; and the surgeon may believe himself exceedingly fortunate to have such a faithful friend.

It was not until the discoveries of the bacteriologists and the development of bacteriology as a science, that modern surgery began to assume something of its present features.

In his reveries our dreamer looks again upon the realm of surgery, and the dazzling and brilliant picture he now sees is indeed startling. He sees the principles of asepsis and antisepsis intelligently applied; he sees extensive wounds heal without any inflammation, almost without pain, and without the formation of a single drop of pus; he sees limbs amputated, joints resected, and diseased bone removed, and the patient recover in a few days without any alarming symptoms, much acceleration of the pulse, or the slightest rise of temperature. He

sees operations upon the gall bladder, the stomach, and, in fact, upon all the viscera, and the appendix vermiformis, that unaccountable and persistently inflammable little organ, which has become so habituated to pathological processes that its removal has become fashionable — and that, too, with the most astonishing uniformity of results. The pleural cavity, the lungs, and even the brain itself he sees explored and operated upon by the modern surgeon. He witnesses all these things and more; he sees the patients, with few exceptions, restored to health —if not health, generally much improved,—and life made tolerable.

Then what can he say for modern surgery? It saves more lives, perhaps, than any one factor known to man; it deprives malignant growths of much of their terror, and removes and renders harmless many forms of disease that would otherwise most certainly destroy the life of the patient within a short period of time. The lives saved by this branch of medicine are innumerable.

And the men who have brought this all about— what can he say of them? He is at a loss to find words adequate for such a eulogy as should be spoken for the brave deeds of these daring and self-sacrificing men. Daring, did I say? Daring hardly expresses it. The reckless bravery of the great warrior, who is bent on taking life, falls into insignificance when compared with the zealous and determined efforts of the surgeon who is bent on saving life.

We invite the reader to look with our dreamer into the operating room of the modern surgeon and there see

for himself a demonstration of the heroism of the average surgeon. The room itself is not impressive; in fact, there is not much to be seen—the uncarpeted floors, the naked walls, a shelf or two, and a small stand beside the operating table is about all he will see, except a glass douche with a long rubber tube hanging above the table; an abundant supply of sterilized water and bichloride solution, a stand with a pan containing about a dozen sterilized sponges, another pan with sterilized water or antiseptic solution, a basin containing instruments which have also been sterilized and are lying in an antiseptic solution, and another large basin to catch the water which has been used for cleaning purposes—this, and two or three assistants in snow-white gowns and a nurse or two in white aprons and caps.

The patient is a young lady with suppurative disease of one kidney. There is a fistulous track from which oozes a constant discharge. The patient is anæmic and poorly nourished. Life is a burden to her, and she must have relief or drag out a miserable existence until death puts an end to her trouble; or she may undergo a very hazardous operation, which, if successful, will restore her to health, with a prospect of a fairly comfortable existence for a number of years. The kidney in this case is probably disorganized and lies buried in a mass of pathological tissues which are adherent to the peritoneum, which is liable to be punctured in the operation; and if punctured to be infected with pus microbes, meaning almost sure death to the patient.

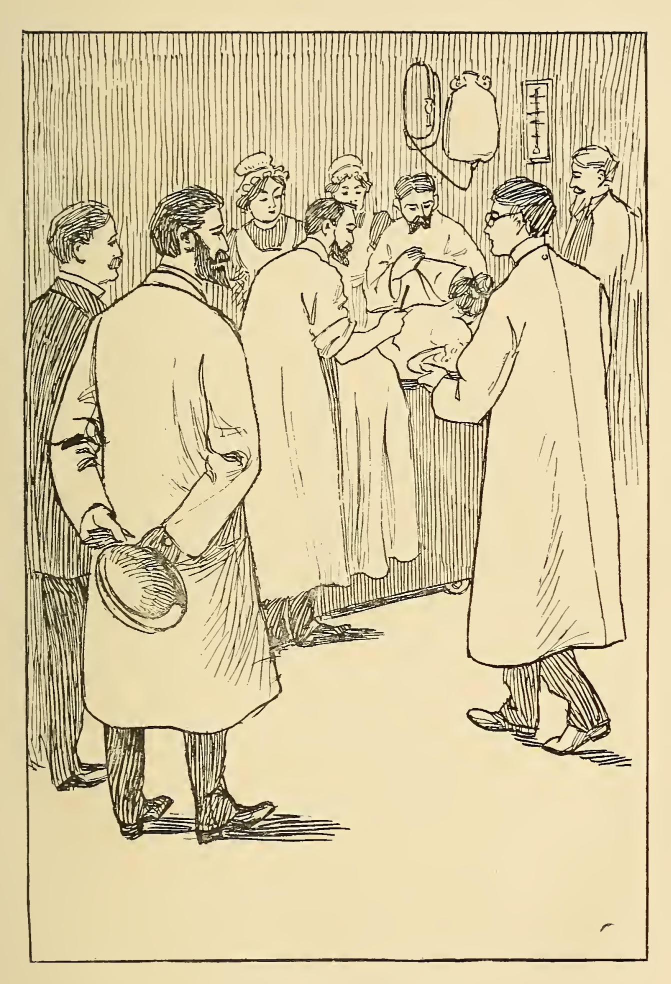
Here you see the surgeon enter, also in a white gown with sleeves rolled above his elbows,—the patient having been previously anæsthetized by the assistants,—and he at once begins his work, after first bathing hands and arms in a sterilizing solution. He may say a word or two in regard to the difficulties to be encountered, but almost simultaneously he makes a deep incision. He goes boldly down; and as the wound is opened wide by retractors in the hands of his assistants, he finds that he has encountered a mass of diseased tissues. It is with great difficulty that he is able to keep his bearings,—to keep from wounding the peritoneum on the one hand, and from opening into a pus cavity upon the other. You now see him carefully working, carefully dissecting, but not so much with the sharp cutting edge of the scalpel as with the handle; and with his fingers you see him gently pushing the tissues aside, and separating them from the adherent peritoneum and from the surrounding healthy tissue. The kidney he finds almost completely disorganized, and the remnant that is left lies buried in a mass of morbid tissues from which it cannot be separated. You see him very anxiously working his way around the diseased mass, mostly using the handle of his scalpel and his fingers. Every now and then he calls for a sponge, which is applied by the nurse or an assistant to take up the excess of blood—for he has opened a blood vessel;—and you see him, or one of his assistants, apply the catch artery forceps to the bleeding vessel. Hemorrhage is at once controlled, and he proceeds again deliberately, but anxiously, with the operation.

He finds that the several pairs of forceps that have been applied to the bleeding vessels are in the way, and he stops long enough to remove them. The mere pressure of the instruments will have been sufficient to control the hemorrhage in some instances, but he now has a vessel that must be tied. You hear him call for a ligature, and you see him put it around the vessel and whatever tissues may have been caught in the forceps with it. He then draws it tightly, ties it again, removes the forceps, and proceeds as before until the wound is clear, after which he goes on with the operation.

You observe that he occasionally uses the cutting edge of his scalpel; but he works with extreme care, and the anxious expression of his features is more pronounced than ever. He is now beginning to perspire; and as he feels the sweat trickling down his face he calls for some one to wipe it away with a towel. This is gently done by a nurse, or, if she is too busy, one of the assistants; or Doctor Jones may undertake for his part of the work the task of keeping the perspiration from trickling down the operator's face and dropping into the wound. You hear the surgeon express his thanks in a way that causes you to think there must be more importance attached to this apparently slight service than you know anything about, if you happen to be a nonprofessional and know nothing of the possibly deadly nature of the single drop of perspiration which might fall into the wound. This one drop of sweat might carry with it microörganisms that would interfere seriously with the healing of the wound, or even destroy the very life of the patient.

You see the surgeon again at work, but more carefully and more anxiously than ever; and you see your friend bring the towel into service at shorter intervals. You see the surgeon gently use the point of his knife again; and now you hear a sudden exclamation, and you feel yourself almost as anxious for the success of the operation as the operator. Anxiety, like disease, is sometimes contagious. You realize the great danger there must be to the patient; you feel more and more anxious every minute; and when you hear the exclamation, you — and every one present, for that matter — find yourself peering anxiously into the wound. The surgeon tells you he has cut into the abdominal cavity. "This," he says, "is very unfortunate, and may cost the patient her life." Your friend now uses the towel more frequently than ever, for the large drops of sweat are trickling down the surgeon's face in quick succession. You observe a slight trembling of his fingers, and you think his voice not quite so clear as before; but it only lasts for a moment, and he again nerves himself for the completion of his herculean task, which by a mere accident has been rendered so much more hazardous.

He proceeds again, at the same time explaining that if he should open a pus cavity it would mean sure death to the patient. "No power could save her life," he says, "if this accident should happen." He knows that in this mass of tissue lies hidden some pus, but where hidden no mortal can tell; he must avoid it if possible. He keeps as far from the center of the mass as he can. The towel is being used oftener than ever, and the surgeon's



" You see the surgeon at work."

hand, you observe, is a little shaky; but still he works, and his anxiety is now greater than ever. Again he uses the point of his knife to separate some tissues he cannot tear, and you hear another exclamation, and see your friend applying the towel persistently, for the perspiration is now fairly streaming down the operator's face. He looks up to tell you that he has opened a pus cavity, and as he looks, you observe great anxiety depicted in his features. He also has an expression of sorrow for his patient, an expression which you have not previously seen, and which enlists for him all the sympathy of your nature; for you now realize as you never did before that the weight of his responsibility is beyond measure greater than that of any other man on earth, except it be the minister, and unless you measure the responsibilities of the latter by the possibilities of the future life it is even greater than his.

"Here," you say, "is the life of a lovely young girl destroyed." No, not destroyed, for it had already been ruined by the relentless hand of disease; but it is lost by an unavoidable accident. The possibilities of this accident had been taken into account by the surgeon and explained to the patient before the operation was decided upon. She had expressed a willingness to take her chances, for life was nothing to her as it was; and she was even anxious to make the effort and either get well or cease to continue what to her was a living death.

She had been a good patient, intelligent and kind, and the surgeon had become very much interested in her. He was anxious for her recovery for her own sake; and his desire for reputation had sunk into insig-

nificance when compared with his desire to save her life. Her life was very much to her if she could be well. She had kind friends to live for — a mother, a father, brothers and sisters, perhaps — who were anxiously waiting for the surgeon to give her back to them in health. It may be there was another, more interested than all the rest. Perhaps it was ties such as these that nerved her to undergo the operation and to hope for its successful termination. She had great confidence in her surgeon; and that very confidence inspired him with hope and begat an interest — a personal interest, such as all surgeons feel for their patients.

You see the surgeon again at work: the operation must be completed. She will live a few days; she will be conscious in a short time; but the surgeon cannot tell her with assurance that she will get well. He must tell her the truth if she wants to know it. If she reads it in his face, as she most likely will, no questions will be asked; but she will make an effort — though not a strong one — to recover, and the surgeon will give her the little encouragement he can, for it may be possible that some latent power or vital force pent up in the system will yet enable her to survive.

He works now with less solicitude, but continues to sweat as though in the greatest mental agony. His voice is husky, and his fingers tremble just a little; but still he works. You look on with increased anxiety. Your friend is still using the towel, but not quite so often now. You feel yourself beginning to recover from the shock,

when all at once you see the countenance of the surgeon light up as if by a new inspiration or revelation. It is a revelation indeed. He has ascertained that, in his great anxiety, he had mistaken the fatty tissue he cut into for pus. It does your very soul good as you look admiringly into the face of that surgeon. You now see an expression of exquisite happiness and of gratitude in the place of anguish and chagrin.

Still he works, but with nimbler fingers; and you observe his voice has cleared wonderfully since his last discovery, and the towel is required much less frequently than before. He is nearing the completion of the operation. He now calls for a ligature, ties the mass off, and with one stroke of the knife removes it; and a most hazardous operation is successfully terminated. The opening through the peritoneum, in the absence of infection, is insignificant. After all bleeding has stopped, he packs the wound with antiseptic gauze, over which he applies large quantities of absorbent cotton, then a bandage; and the patient is taken to her room.

Two days later the surgeon invites you to see this patient. She lies quietly on her bed apparently enjoying life. You feel her pulse: it is not much above normal, and she breathes quietly; and when you look at the record of her case which is attached to the head of the bed you are surprised to learn that there has been no elevation of temperature. She informs you that she feels quite comfortable. A week later, and you find there have been no alarming symptoms, no fever; she rests well, is in fine spirits and has a good appetite.

The surgeon now changes the dressing, and makes the statement that she is almost out of danger. In fact, she does make a rapid recovery; and he has the pleasure of giving her back to her loving friends, with a prospect of health and happiness ahead of her.

This is not an exaggerated picture; it is only one amongst thousands of cases that occur daily in the experience of the surgeons of this great country — only one amongst thousands where lives are saved by this one branch of this wonderful profession. And if, after what you have seen, you can form something like an adequate conception of the immense responsibilities of the surgeon, and of the great work he is doing, these lines will not have been written in vain.

Chapter III

Ophthalmology and the Ophthalmologist

IN the domain of medicine there is no more extensive or productive field than that of ophthalmology, that branch of medical science relating to the eye and its affections. The immense number of afflicted people you will here observe, the amenability to treatment of the great majority of them, and the disastrous results following neglect make this one of the most important fields of work in the entire domain of medicine. Nearly all the blindness in the world might have been prevented by judicious and timely treatment. The disease known as iritis is very amenable to treatment, but if neglected for a few days the eye may be lost. The same can be said of purulent ophthalmia of infants, and many other of the acute affections of the eye; and a glowing tribute might be paid to the ophthalmologist, whose attention is given to these wonderful organs which keep us in communication with the external world and through which we obtain more information, perhaps, than through all of the other special senses.

You are invited to go with the doctor into this fertile field and there see for yourself some of the work the ophthalmologist has to do. As you enter it, you observe amongst the varied classes of his patients the old and the young, the rich and the poor; from slight cases that scarcely need treatment to the severest cases of acute

inflammation; from the mildest form of granular lids to the old chronic cases of years standing, which have done so much damage that a little improvement and barely sight enough to enable the patient to go about is all that can be expected. Here you see many operations performed on the eye, and you see people suffering with all the different forms of ocular disease; but the most pathetic patient you will observe amongst them all is that infant scarcely more than a day or two old with purulent ophthalmia. Here is a tender infant just beginning existence, with all of life before it, but with a disease of the eyes that will probably cause it to lose its sight and go through life in utter darkness. Looking upon this little patient, your sympathy is at once excited, and you ask the oculist what can be done for it. He tells you that if he can control the parents—or the nurse, as the case may be,—and get them to do their duty in the matter, he can in all probability cure its eyes; but that if the child is neglected it will almost certainly lose its sight and become permanently blind. He will tell you that this one disease causes twenty-five per cent of all the blindness in the world. He will also tell you that if these cases are treated early and thoroughly they will nearly all—or a very large per cent of them, at least—entirely recover. He will inform you that, through the efforts of physicians, laws have been enacted for the protection of these little sufferers, and that through these laws for the prevention of blindness hundreds of children will have their sight preserved and go through life as other people, with good eyes.

You wonder why these innocent little sufferers are so neglected. Have they no mothers? and do those mothers care nothing for their suffering babes? You inquire how it is. You are informed that these patients most abound in the tenement-house districts of the larger cities. They are surrounded by the most squalid poverty. Their mothers are ignorant. In many cases they have no doctor, but now the law requires them to report to a physician if there is any redness of the eyes, or they may take these patients to the infirmary, or free dispensary, for proper treatment.

Your friend also tells you that after the attention of our lawmakers was called to this state of affairs by the state board of charities, it took the combined efforts of the medical profession of the state to work this bill through the legislature. With all bills in the interest of public health, and for the sustenance of a high standard of medical education by the weeding out of incompetent physicians and charlatans, our lawmakers seem to be very slow to act. Such bills usually meet with strong opposition; but in this instance the legislators were convinced of the importance of such a law, and the bill became a statute of the state. Its passage was of more real importance than all the other work of the legislative term.

These little patients are not confined entirely to the centers of population, but abound to some extent in country towns; and though not so much neglected, even here blindness from this cause is sometimes observed.

What you have been told, and the delicate operations you have seen the oculist perform, have impressed you in

a striking manner with the significance of his work; and you silently admire this man who is able to do so much for his patients.

Another part of his work, not mentioned here, which is of the greatest importance, but, because of its very commonness, has hardly been given a thought, is prescribing glasses. We can hardly realize the value of spectacles when we remember that nearly all men over forty-five, to say nothing of the hosts of those afflicted with errors of refraction, would have to give up reading, and even business in many instances, but for the correction of these errors by means of glasses.

Here you will leave the ophthalmologist for a stroll through the domain of neurology.

As you go the doctor seems in the deepest reverie. The silence is at last broken.

"The scenes we have just witnessed," he remarks, "remind me of an experience I had some time ago. I was called to see a lady, the mother of a little child only a few days old. After I had prescribed for her and was in the act of taking my leave, I happened to notice the babe in its cradle; and I at once saw that he had sore eyes. I made some inquiry about him, and was informed that his eyes had been afflicted some two or three days, but as his grandmother was treating him, it was not necessary for me to examine him. I did examine him, however. He had purulent ophthalmia. One eye was already in an ulcerated condition, and the other was severely inflamed. A day or two more and the eyes would have been irreparably damaged. The mother could scarcely

comprehend the dangerous character of the disease, and that her child might lose his sight if not relieved at once. After a good deal of talking and explaining, she at last awoke to a partial realization of the danger, and allowed me to prescribe. After several days of heroic treatment the disease gave way and the babe's eyes were saved. But that mother never realized the peril to which her child had been exposed, or how near he had come to losing his sight."

"That," you say, "was before the law you have spoken of was in force?"

"Yes, but I fear that under the law these little patients are sometimes neglected. The early treatment of such cases is of so great importance that the law should be rigidly enforced. The care of the eyes during school life is a subject of even more importance," the doctor continues as he walks along. "It is of more importance because of the greater number of children involved. Total blindness does not often result from a neglect of the hygienic management of the eyes of schoolchildren, but impairment of vision is of so frequent occurrence as to make this subject of the greatest importance. Then there is a large number of children with defects of vision from birth—defects which could and which always should be corrected. Many children drag along appearing dull and stupid simply because they see imperfectly, and as a result they do not advance as rapidly as their classmates. Such children are often regarded as mental imbeciles, and sometimes as being almost idiotic."

"Are these defects," you inquire, "of common occurrence?"

"Yes, and may be seen in any schoolroom."

"What causes them?" you ask.

"They are the result of an imperfectly shaped eyeball. When the ball is too short from front to rear, it means far sight. If there is a difference in the curvature of the vertical and horizontal meridians of the front part of the eye, it means astigmatism, or that the rays of light in the two meridians do not come to a focus at the same point. These two conditions may exist in the same eye. They are both congenital, as a rule, and should be corrected by properly fitted glasses. Myopia, or near sight, is very frequently observed, and is almost invariably acquired during school life. It is scarcely ever congenital, but is nearly always the result of the unsanitary conditions and faulty hygienic arrangements of schoolrooms, and also of the improper management of children during school life. The hours of study are too many, and are not interrupted at sufficiently short intervals. It is the long-continued and uninterrupted work that causes myopia. A constant strain of the different sets of muscles, combined with faulty hygienic conditions, are necessary for the production of the disease in question. The acts of accommodation, or causing the eye to focus on a near object, and of convergence, or turning inward, are always necessary for near vision. In other words, the eye is at rest when looking at distant objects, but it must accommodate or focus itself for the reading distance. In doing this, two sets of muscles are called into action—the ocular muscles for convergence, and the ciliary for accommodation."

"What effect does all this have in the production of myopia?"

"It contributes to myopia in several ways, all of which increase intra-ocular tension. This tension, by pressure upon the blood vessels, interferes with the circulation and causes congestion. This, if continued, eventually results in a low grade of inflammation in the posterior part of the eye, which gradually gives way, and the diameter of the eye from its inner to its outer surface is increased, and thus it becomes myopic, having assumed the shape of an egg. The farsighted eye has the shape of a turnip."

"How do the acts of accommodation and convergence increase the tension of the eye?"

"The ciliary muscles, surrounding the crystalline lens as they do, and having their attachments to the coats of the eyeball, act like a purse string, lessening the transverse diameter of the globe, while the lens itself is thickened or increased in its antero-posterior diameter, and thus exerts a hydrostatic effect upon the fluids, especially upon the vitreous humor. The posterior part of the eye, being the weakest, gives way under the pressure, which is reinforced by the external pressure of the ocular muscles, and by the pulling backwards of the optic nerve when the back part of the eye moves outward, as it does in the act of convergence. It is not any one act that causes myopia, but a combination of all the acts of accommodation."

"How can all this be prevented?"

"The solution of this question is by no means an easy one. Myopia seems to be the penalty for a liberal education; and how to prevent it has been a serious but

an unsolved question in the minds of educators and of physicians for many years. The educational standard of the German people is very high, and as a result myopia exists amongst them to an alarming extent. They have given to the world an object lesson by which it should most certainly profit. Object lessons should form a greater part of the educational program than they have hitherto done. The system of cramming, now in vogue, should be done away with; and since it is quite well known that one person can learn only a small part of all there is to know, that part, after the necessary preliminary training, should be in the direction of his life work, whatever that may be. If a physician, the collateral sciences should be taught, and only such languages and mathematics as are necessary to qualify him for his special calling. Life is too short and health too valuable to be jeopardized by application to a lot of, to say the least, unnecessary studies. No study is absolutely necessary for a medical student that does not have a bearing on, or is in some way connected with, his life work."

"How about mental discipline?" you say.

"As I take it, there is no other mental discipline for a medical student so valuable as that which has a direct connection with his professional work. Then lop off a lot of educational redundancies, and you will prevent much of this eye trouble."

"Do you think that too much study is required of pupils?"

"Yes, if their eyes are weak. Such students should have shorter hours of study, with more frequent interrup-

tions and consequent rest for the eyes. Children should never be kept in at recess, as is sometimes done. To keep a student for three or four years on a routine of studies that he will have scarcely any use for in after life is harmful. How many classically educated gentlemen can you think of amongst the really great men of the world? You may mention John Milton and Doctor Sam Johnson. Yes, they were quite well accomplished, I admit; but one lost his sight as a result, while the other was a myope in the highest degree, and went through life more than half blind. On the other hand, how many of the really great men of the world were self-made, self-educated, only learning such things as experience taught them they would really need in their business, and only reading such books as their mother wit suggested? Many of the world's great men might have been dwarfed by a college course of five or six years, or a so-called classical education. The world is not indebted to past or present methods of educators for a Homer, a Shakespeare, a John Bunyan, or a Robert Burns. Neither is it indebted to them for an Edward Jenner, a John Hunter, or an Ephraim McDowell; nor for an Oliver Cromwell, a George Washington, or an Abraham Lincoln, none of whom was in any sense of the term shortsighted. I am not arguing for less education, but for a more thorough training for the chosen avocation, or life work, and less cramming, or filling in, with superfluous studies that will be of little use in after life. The idea of putting every student in college through the same course of study regardless of his tastes, future career, or

visual deficiencies has always appeared to me erroneous —much better classify them according to the needs of their future work. A very efficient preventive of myopia would be for students to stop reading often and think of what they had gone over, and while doing so look in the distance so that their eyes could be at rest. More thinking and less reading, I am persuaded, would be a very good thing for the world."

"Then this subject involves the hygienic and the general arrangement of schoolrooms, does it not?"

"Yes, it involves the consideration of many things, not least amongst which is the general arrangement of schoolrooms. Light is one of the most important factors; the seats and desks are but little less so. Much attention has been given to these features of the schoolroom; but the ideal has not yet been reached, and, perhaps, will not be for a long time to come. Light and ventilation of the private rooms of students should be looked after, and such instructions given in regard to them as are needful. An abundance of outdoor exercise is absolutely necessary, and generous playgrounds should be provided. Students should walk four or five miles a day if they wish to maintain vigorous health and consequently unimpaired vision."

"In what way does physical exercise favorably affect the eyes?"

"By strengthening and toning up the entire muscular and nervous systems, including the muscles and nerves of the eyes. An important factor, however, in staying the progress of visual defects in students is properly adjusted

glasses. But here there are many difficulties in the way. The fact that the initiatory step in this direction must be taken by physicians, and that when taken mercenary motives will often be attributed to them, is a formidable barrier to be overcome at the outset. In each locality where such reforms are contemplated, professional jealousies are liable to interpose their thorny barriers, and thus defeat the progress of a very laudable undertaking. This, however, could be reduced to the minimum by such physicians as wish to institute the desired investigations doing their work for a nominal fee or for no fee at all. Some of this work could be done by teachers. That is, the children that see imperfectly might be examined by their instructors with test type, and enough be be learned in this way to justify advising the parents of such children to take them to an oculist and have them fitted with suitable glasses."

"Can these defects always be corrected with glasses?"

"Nearly always. In mixed astigmatism the vision can be improved, but normal vision can not usually be obtained. There is another class of children who suffer severely from refractive errors, whose vision is normal. That is, by using the muscles of accommodation they see as acutely as other people, but they do it at the expense of those muscles. Such children are nervous; they have headache a great deal; their eyeballs are sometimes painful, and become congested and even at times inflamed; and when they read for any length of time the letters run together, and they are compelled to rest their eyes. These children sometimes lose their appetites, become pale, and

finally their general health becomes impaired; and unless they are relieved they will be compelled to leave school."

"How are the teachers and parents to learn to recognize these troubles?"

"The real cause is well understood by the physician; but not so with parents and teachers. The child is punished quite frequently for supposed indifference or downright meanness, or is sometimes crammed with medicines for weeks at a time for a supposed constitutional ailment, when properly fitted glasses would have given immediate and permanent relief. Teachers should receive such instruction in regard to the hygienic management of the eyes of children in the schoolroom as would enable them at least to detect those cases in which there is marked defect of vision. When there is a suspicion of ocular deficiencies, the parents should be urged to consult a physician. I appreciate the reluctance of physicians to make investigations or recommendations along this line, because they are liable to be accused of selfish motives. They are even liable to such accusations if they evince any desire whatever to institute the much desired reform in this direction. The eyes of schoolchildren should be examined by a medical officer at the beginning of each term of school; but this plan would meet with much unjust criticism and even censure. It would be regarded as an innovation and an interference with the rights and privileges of both parents and children, and many parents would absolutely refuse to furnish glasses if they were to be prescribed. They would say they didn't wear 'specs' when they were children."

"How, then, could you bring about the desired change?"

"There is only one way to accomplish this much needed reform; that is, by education. When parents learn something of the advantages children with defective vision get from the use of glasses, and know more of the disastrous effects of negligence in these cases, they will not only discontinue their opposition, but will coöperate with the medical profession in this desirable work.

"With this reform, as with others," you say, "the difficulty will be to find the proper persons to 'start the ball rolling.' Who is to begin it?"

"This educational process must be inaugurated by the general practitioner. The family physician must first discover these defects, and either correct them or send the children to an oculist. In this way much can be done for the relief of these little sufferers. I call them sufferers, for they really are such; and besides the inconvenience, they usually suffer quite severely from headache, dizziness, and ocular pains. One little fellow who endured great inconvenience from this cause became pale and nervous and his general health much impaired. As a result, he had to be taken out of school. Glasses were prescribed, and he was immediately and permanently relieved. It is not an unusual thing for children with refractive errors, especially myopia or astigmatism, to be entirely unable to see anything upon a blackboard ten or fifteen feet away; and this places them at a great disadvantage, and sometimes causes them to be unjustly punished. One boy was ecstatic because, when the

proper glasses were placed before his eyes, he could read letters on the blackboard twenty feet away; for he knew he would no longer suffer from the disadvantages of the past. Another one broke his glasses, and his mother would only allow him to wear them when in school; but he cried for them and begged to wear them all the time. Similar cases exist in every locality; hence the importance of this interesting subject."

Chapter IV

Neurology and the Neurologist

IN his reveries the doctor looks in upon the vast domain of neurology; and he invites you to take a stroll with him through its prolific fields. Here you will observe an innumerable throng of people of both sexes and of all ages, suffering from diseases of the nervous system. You see paralytic people on crutches, or so helpless in bed that they cannot even turn themselves; and decrepit old persons with shaking palsy who lean forward on their canes for support, as their shaky limbs move them along. You see people with diseased spines and shrunken and distorted limbs, helpless as infants; others—mostly children—with Saint Vitus's dance, whose limbs are constantly in motion, some of whom cannot even feed themselves, and whose power of locomotion is entirely destroyed; and little children, even babes, with infantile paralysis, helpless in their mothers' arms.

You will also see hysterical females of nearly all ages, from the young girl who is just budding into womanhood to the matronly dame of fifty or even sixty years of age. Hysteria is a disease just as much as any other affection of the nervous system, and requires as much or more care than many of the kindred affections; and he who speaks lightly of the hysterical patient either fails to recognize the seriousness of the condition or is lacking in that tender sensibility which should induce him to sym-

pathize with this unfortunate class. The word hysteria should be dropped from the nomenclature of diseases, and replaced by a more appropriate term—one which will not carry with it the opprobrium usually attached to the name hysteria. These are unfortunate patients, and are as much the victims of disease as are those whose pathological conditions can be seen with the naked eye.

You observe large numbers of these patients wherever you go. Some of them will show scarcely any sign of their malady—except, perhaps, a mild hysteric laugh when there is nothing to laugh about, or shed a few tears when there is nothing to cry for. Another case: a young girl who is just approaching womanhood, has lost her voice and cannot speak above a whisper. If you were to examine her throat you would find no indications of disease there. You inquire into her history, and you discover other evidences convincing you that this is a case of hysterical aphonia, and you can assure the patient that she will recover her lost voice if properly treated. You see another lady—young or old, as the case may be—gasping for breath, and apparently in the agonies of suffocation, but when you inquire into the case you learn that it is only *globus hystericus*, or the hysterical ball in her throat, but to her it is as real as if the phantom sphere were actual, and as large as your two fists.

Just at this time you observe a man interviewing your companion in an excited manner. You step a little nearer and hear him say, "You had better hurry up, or she may die before you get there." You inquire of

the doctor what is the matter, and with a smile he tells you the man's wife is sick, and he is very badly scared about her, but from his description she is in no danger whatever; and he kindly invites you to go with him. It is a few miles in the country, he informs you, and says it will be a pleasant ride. You have only attended him in his reveries; but now you have the opportunity of accompanying him in his real work, and of seeing for yourself one, at least, of the varied experiences of the country doctor.

You gratefully accept the invitation, and in a few minutes you are leisurely on the road, the doctor chatting pleasantly, and apparently in no great hurry. However, you soon find yourselves well on the way; and as you near the place of your destination the doctor is suddenly accosted by a runner from the house, who has been sent out to tell him to hurry up, as the patient is about choking to death.

The house is a small, one-room cabin in the woods. The surroundings compare favorably with the hovel, and are certainly indicative of the most abject poverty. The husband of the sick woman is a cross old vagabond who has, perhaps, not spoken a kind word to her for several days. His wife, you observe as you enter the house, is several years younger than her uncouth lord; and seeing her sitting on her bed of rags and straw, surrounded with nothing but poverty, you do not wonder at her having hysteria—for it is a real case of *globus hystericus*. You scarcely wonder at anything except that she has been able all these years to live at all.

The first word spoken as you enter this squalid abode is by a neighbor who says, "Doctor, you had better hurry up if you wish to do anything for this woman."

The doctor leisurely sits down, after having examined the sick woman, and assures her that there is not the least danger. Silently, but very deliberately, he prepares for her some medicine, which he quietly and complacently administers; and in the same nonchalant manner and just as coolly he pours a fluid upon her chest, which she says "burns like fire." Calmly and circumspectly he sits down and begins talking about the weather. The result is that the ball disappears in a short time, and in less than half an hour the woman says, "Jim, git my pipe; I want to smoke."

Such cases, you are told by the doctor as you return, are not always in the homes of the poor, but they are found in the greatest number in the lap of luxury, where the conditions are even more favorable for the development of the pathological conditions of the nervous system which exist in this disease.

You return to the large domain of neurology, and with your friend take another stroll, and again observe the hosts of victims of these prolific affections. You see the various forms of hysterical convulsions, from the mildest to the most severe spasms that seemingly will rend the very tissues asunder and jerk the bones out of their sockets. Here you observe a case of hysterical coma, the patient lying quietly as though asleep; here a cataleptic patient whose limbs remain for hours in any ex-

tended position you may feel disposed to place them; and again you will observe quite a number of women, mostly of early womanhood or middle life, who have hysterical insanity. Some are taciturn; others very noisy, raving maniacs.

Look again! You see the hypochondriac—the hysterical man. Hypochondria is the analogue of hysteria; and you see quite a number of men with this disease. Young men not yet out of their teens, and old men with bald heads and gray beards, are sometimes the victims of this affection. The different types are not quite so numerous as in hysteria, but you observe it from its mildest form, which is but little more than an attack of the "blues," to the well-marked hysterical manifestations observed in the female.

If you are sufficiently interested in this form of human ailment, go with your friend the doctor—not in his reveries, but his carriage—a few miles into the country, and he will there show you one of the latter cases—a hysterical man.

You are soon on the road, and the doctor informs you that he has been requested to hurry up, as the man is very ill and has had his neighbors called in to see him die. He drives at a pretty lively gait, and you are soon there. You observe teams hitched in front of the house, and quite a number of people in and about it. The house itself is a two-roomed affair, and does not indicate either affluence or abject poverty. The people within are running here and there, all trying to do something for the

sick man, who is in his fifties, perhaps, and who has been trying in an unsuccessful way to "shuffle off this mortal coil" for the past two or three hours.

The doctor steps to the bedside, quietly feels the man's pulse, watches his breathing and his facial expression for a few moments, and then you hear the following conversation:

"Doctor, how long do you think I can live?"

"It is hardly probable that you will live forever; but if you get no worse than you are now, you will live to be a very old man."

"But, Doctor, I'm awful sick; I'll die, I know I will."

The doctor assures him that he is not in the least danger, and that he could not die if he wanted to. Then, turning to the man's wife, he informs her that her husband is in no danger whatever.

Her husband, she says, has been despondent for a day or two, and had informed her that he was going to live but a short time. He rapidly grew worse, and began to talk of seeing heavenly visions. He gave way to his emotions and required all her attention; and the more she sympathized with him the worse he got. He said he could see celestial beings around his bed ready to bear him to his immortal home, and that he saw his first wife standing near him, waiting to accompany his disembodied spirit. It was at this stage he requested his wife to have his neighbors called in that he might bid them the last sad farewell.

The doctor remains but a very few minutes with this patient, who, by the way, is so very angry at him for

the way he has talked, and the little attention he has given him — the sickest man on earth — that he gets out of bed in a short time and goes about his usual avocation, that of seeing after his little farm.

It must not be considered that the doctor took but little interest in this case; he did what he believed to be the best for his patient. He took the risk of losing a very good client, because he believed it to be his duty to treat the man with indifference as the best means of quickly restoring him to health. He even took the chance of a possible mistake in his diagnosis, and its disastrous consequences — if it should be a mistake — to his professional reputation; but his previous knowledge of the patient, together with the present symptoms, made the diagnosis tolerably easy and certain. Some of these patients are very hard to treat, and at times tax the doctor's resources heavily.

After this experience you are once more invited to look in upon this domain. You look, and find that the class of neurotics which most abound are not very sick; many of them are able to go about, and even to take some interest in ordinary affairs. They belong to all classes, especially the overworked in business. You will also observe among them a large number of professional men — lawyers, doctors, and ministers, teachers, artisans, and students — in short, people from all the walks of life, except the tramp.

You inquire the meaning of all this mysterious concourse, and the answer is, that it is a mysterious con-

course indeed, and if you would ask of them such a question, the tales of woe you would hear would indeed be a surprise to you. Many of them, you would learn, believed themselves to be very seriously afflicted;—and in a sense they really are so; but in reality most of them, under proper circumstances and surroundings, would recover in a few months. They are the victims of nervous exhaustion, known in the higher circles as neurasthenia. It is, the doctor tells you, a disease peculiar to this country, and is the result, in a great measure, of the money-getting craze which here pervades all classes of society. Men in all the walks of life continue their ceaseless efforts at money-making and of keeping up appearances; and the long-continued mental and physical strain continued from year to year without rest proving too much for them, there is a general breakdown, and the physical wrecks you here observe are the results. Most of these people would have remained in good health had they taken an annual vacation of a month or six weeks.

Your attention is now called to the hosts of epileptics—those afflicted with that almost, as yet, incurable malady known as "falling sickness"—some of whom only have a fit occasionally, while others are almost constantly in convulsions. Some are bright and able to accomplish great things in the world in spite of their dreadful malady, while others are mere imbeciles and require a constant attendant. You wonder what can be done for these individuals. For some, a great deal; for others, absolutely nothing. Here is an unsolved problem

for our neurologists, which they may solve as the years go by. You are informed that colonization of indigent epileptics has been tried in Germany with good results; and that the question of their colonization in our own country has been seriously considered, and may result in great benefit to some of these unfortunates.

And now you will observe the most pathetic class of patients of all in this domain—the old gentleman or lady who has softening of the brain. Amongst these are to be found people who were once the proud possessors of giant intellects, classed as great benefactors of the race, perhaps,—now but pitiful relics of the past. Fortunately, softening of the brain does not oftenest occur amongst those of the highest intelligence—the brain workers—for it seems that mental activity is a preventive of degenerative changes in the brain tissues.

Having strolled through this extensive domain, you cannot doubt the importance of the work of the neurologist. Can you even form anything like a proper conception of its importance? You now take your leave, but you will carry with you to the last days of your life a kind regard for the neurologist, the man who has studied and almost mastered a knowledge of the pathological conditions of the wonderful, delicate, and complex nervous system of man.

Chapter V

Insanity and the Alienist

"HERE we have to deal with the diseases of the mind—the intellectual faculties," says the doctor; and he invites you to view with him the different forms of mental derangement that exist in the world. You will indeed be surprised at the throng. He tells you that few people have perfectly normal intellectual faculties.

"The intellect and the different faculties of the mind," he says, "to be in a normal condition must all work in harmony, the smaller faculties, as the impulses and emotions, being at all times and under all circumstances subservient to the will, and the will itself in perfect condition. The understanding must be in good working order, and the reasoning faculties able to grasp, consider, and logically arrange the words, actions, and arguments of men, so that the mind may fully comprehend the real facts. The perceptional faculties must be in perfect condition so that no false impressions shall be conveyed to the intellect; and the intellect itself must be able to prevent the formation of delusions. For the mind to possess and control all of these intellectual faculties in perfection, the brain and the entire nervous system must be in a perfectly normal condition; and any serious departure from this condition is sure to be followed by

disastrous consequences. A stroke of paralysis from any cause, as a cerebral hemorrhage, embolism, brain tumor, or any injury which in any way disturbs the function of any part of the brain, will impair some or all of the faculties of the mind; and just to the extent of that impairment the person is insane. As a matter of fact, such a one may be able to distinguish between right and wrong and yet be entirely irresponsible. He may be in full possession of his reasoning faculties, and his judgment may be excellent; yet if he has lost control of his impulsive and emotional faculties he is insane. This should be understood by his friends, and they should guard him against all emotional outbreaks."

"Then you do not altogether agree with the views entertained by the legal profession in regard to insanity?"

"Perhaps not. Physicians are the only ones who are really competent to express an opinion on the subject. Members of the legal profession must draw their conclusions from the knowledge possessed by physicians on all questions of the kind. As physicians are rapidly making new discoveries and learning new facts, they are constantly in advance and must become the instructors of laymen upon these important questions. Lawyers, therefore, can not keep pace with the advanced thought on this and kindred topics."

"How about the question of medical expert testimony?"

"There is also some difference of opinion here, but possibly not so much. Attorneys and physicians alike know too well that medical expert testimony, as the laws

now are, is frequently a disgrace to both the legal and medical professions. The honorable physician who testifies conscientiously, if his opinion happens to favor one side, is in danger of being accused by the other side of mercenary motives. Yet the doctor is forced to place himself in this position or refuse to give an opinion."

"Is there no remedy for this state of affairs?"

"Yes, there is a remedy. Experts should always be employed by the state. They should be required to study each case thoroughly and give their testimony from a scientific standpoint, and not, as is too often the case, as partisans."

"Coming back to your first remarks, do you really believe that people suffering from any form of emotional insanity are ever irresponsible when they commit acts of violence?"

"Yes. Although the legal profession has been censured the world over for making the plea of insanity in murder cases, the fact is that this plea is justifiable in the majority of cases in which it is made; and if the mental condition of these—we will not call them criminals, but men—could be properly analyzed, their irresponsibility could be demonstrated in a surprisingly large number of instances. There are many people in the world whose intellectual faculties are naturally deficient. The seat of intellect was deficient at birth, and there never has been room in the little mental domiciles of theirs for the normal development of all the faculties of the mind—none of them, perhaps; and these people go through life with the different forms of congenital insanity."

"Is there such a thing as moral insanity?"

"Certainly there is. Moral lunatics, or imbeciles, as they are sometimes called, exist in every neighborhood. They have no moral sense; they do not feel themselves under obligations to their nearest relatives; and for this reason their testamentary capacity is always wanting."

You have now arrived at your destination, and you behold a multitude of these unfortunates, the first of whom, you observe, are much as other men, going about the world pursuing the avocations of life, and not even suspected by the casual observer of being *non compos mentis* in any sense of the term. They are really insane in some particular way; yet most of them are harmless, and are useful citizens. Here is one of these innocent-looking fellows who is subject to insane impulses. He should be watched—possibly even confined in an asylum; for he may be seized with an irresistible impulse to kill his wife or child or his nearest friend, and if not restrained may do so. There are many such cases on record, and you can readily understand the necessity of keeping an eye on this class.

A little farther on you see another large, but for the most part silent, concourse, afflicted with that form of insanity known as melancholia. Many of these are very quiet, despondently relating their troubles to those who have patience enough to listen to them, or sitting silently in deep study, their elbows on their knees and their faces in their hands; or they weep, sob, wring their hands, and wish they were dead. Here is a group who are very

noisy, seemingly in great distress. These, you are informed, have melancholia with delirium. They have hallucinations of every imaginable kind—of sight, of hearing, of taste, of touch, and of smell. Everything is going wrong with them. Many of them imagine they have committed some great sin—the unpardonable, perhaps—and that they will be eternally damned. The victims of this form of insanity are the most dangerous of all lunatics. The delusions they entertain are to them real, and when they are commanded by the Deity, as they believe, to take the life of a fellow being or to kill one of their children as a sacrifice, if not prevented they are apt to obey. As you hurry along, still another group belonging to the same class comes into view. Instead of having the delirious mania of the last group, they sit like statues, silent as the dead, taking no notice whatever of their surroundings.

You perceive, as you pass along, people with the different forms of volitional insanity. You see here a man, without any reason, excuse, or forethought, suddenly throw a chair at some one, destroy property, take something that does not belong to him, set the house on fire, or kill a fellow being. The act is done and in an instant he is himself again. The impulse has passed; it may never return: but for the moment he was intensely insane, you are told. You see a man here who has paralysis of the will. He would go about like other mortals; but, his will being incapacitated, he cannot act, and he sits for hours trying to put his boots on. If he undertakes to go any place, he may succeed in rising

to his feet; but here he must stop, as his will cannot send messages to his legs to move, and he goes no further.

Passing on, you see the different forms of compound insanities. Acute and raving maniacs exist in large numbers, and in their delirium and wild excitement form a hideous spectacle. Here you see the subjects of dementia in whom there has been a gradual disorganization of the mental faculties, and resulting incoherence. Sometimes hallucinations, illusions, and delusions of a mild character exist; but they are generally a quiet set. The mental decay being progressive, almost none of them will recover.

Your attention is now attracted by an innumerable throng, the greatest yet seen; and you are surprised at the different manifestations of mental alienation exhibited here. You see men strutting about in ecstasies of glory, declaring themselves to be some great lord, or, perhaps, president of the United States, king of the world, or the pope of Rome. You are confronted by peculiar characters addicted to all kinds of eccentric and absurd acts, and by men with great ideas of great enterprises they are about to undertake, which, they assure you, will profit thousands of millions of dollars every year; or they will tell you of the great, but impossible, inventions they have made. But you cannot view them all; it would take too long. Taking a parting look at this unhappy multitude, you see those patients who are in the last stage of their disease, completely paralyzed both mentally and physically, and with not even mind enough to imag-

ine themselves great, or to form a delusion. Here you ask for the curtain to drop, and as you are weary of witnessing these scenes you and your friend retire in silence, each busy with his own thoughts.

The alienist, the man who has charge of all this vast assembly of unfortunates, and exerts a mental influence over them such as the trainer of wild beasts exerts over his caged lions (for it must be such an influence, due to superiority of mind), what can we say of him — this man of iron nerve, and a will power, or a superior mental force of some kind, that will cause the wildest and the most ferocious of them to shrink back and remain silent — for a moment, at least — under his influence? You look upon him and you wonder what manner of man he is and wherein lies his transcendent power over these wild and furious men. He is no larger than other men — not so large, perhaps. It cannot be due to his physical strength; but you observe in his features and his eyes the signs of a mighty intelligence — not that possessed by ordinary mortals, but something of a higher type — which halfway leads you to believe that he has some abnormal condition of the mental faculties — not in a degenerative way, but some exaggerated development of the perceptional faculties — which makes him superior to other men.

You imagine you can see some nervous, jerky movements about him that makes him near akin to his charges — a kinship which seems to be necessary to bring him into sympathy with, and to give him an influence over, them.

This bearing of the alienist is acquired, you may think, by years of study and association with the insane; but you can hardly escape the belief that he is born with this peculiar faculty, which he has greatly developed by long years of work in his specialty. Here you observe the mind of a sane and a very sensible man studying and minutely scrutinizing the mental workings of the hosts of men whose reason is dethroned. This constant study by one mind of the abnormal conditions of other minds certainly exerts an influence of some kind over that mind. What is it? and who can tell? You are unable to dispossess yourself of the idea that the mentality of the alienist is different in some way from that of ordinary mortals. He is certainly an extraordinary man; and his life, surrounded as it is by this hideous group, is in constant danger, his responsibilities great, and his work arduous.

If you will go with this man, not to an asylum, for you would find him familiar with the inmates there and you would not see him at his best, but to the detention hospital, you would there see a demonstration of his influence over those whom he has never seen before. It is only a little way around the corner. He chats pleasantly, and you observe nothing striking in his appearance different from other men. As you enter the hospital and hear the wild ravings of the insane, he quietly calls for the attendant. You pass through a hall and into a long corridor which leads to a room where you find a dozen or fifteen insane people, attended by a burly fellow whose weight is about three hundred pounds, and who can

speak half a dozen or more languages. Here you look with astonishment upon the influence of the alienist over these people. He questions each in turn, and in a very short time tells you the form of insanity with which each one is afflicted. While you are nervously watching and imagining you can almost feel some of them upon your back, he leisurely walks amongst them, gets their attention, and manages them with surprising ease.

He says, "We will now go upstairs"; and even before you go you hear the noisiest one of all up there, and wonder what kind of patient he is. When you reach the landing, he has this noisy man brought from his cell. He is rather undersized, and has been a man of unusual intelligence. You are informed that he is a physician, and resides in the city. This lunatic at once tells you that he has the finest musical voice, and invites you to listen to him sing. He says he can, by a simple operation, so improve the vocal cords that any one can have a similar voice. Then he again raves in the wildest manner and at the top of his voice. The doctor undertakes to quiet him, but he seems intractable. He then gives the man a sharp look, lays his hand upon his shoulder, and he immediately becomes quiet. The doctor then tells you that this man imagines he has had an operation performed upon him which has given him the intensely musical voice he believes himself to possess.

A few days later you learn that this poor fellow is dead. He was only one of the many victims of overwork which you so often see in the profession of medicine —a man giving his own life in his efforts to save others.



“ He gives the man a sharp look.”



You now take leave of the hospital and feel relieved to get away. You also reluctantly take leave of the alienist, only a glimpse of whose work you have seen, but you have seen enough, and you are glad that these unfortunates have such a man to care for them — to devote his life to the alleviation of their dreadful maladies.

Chapter VI

Bacteriology and the Bacteriologist

"BACTERIOLOGY," says the doctor, "is the science of microörganisms, or the minute forms of plant life which cannot be seen with the naked eye, and which require a high-power microscope to bring them into view. The world is full of bacteria. They exist in the atmosphere and in the soil in countless numbers. They are also to be found in great profusion in stagnant water, and in all forms of decaying vegetable and animal substances. They are divided into two classes—pathogenic, or disease-producing, and non-pathogenic, or those which are entirely incapable of causing disease in any form. We are accustomed to think of these little entities only in connection with disease, but that is because we seldom hear them mentioned except in this relation. The fact is, the great majority of microörganisms are entirely harmless, and are, indeed, very important factors in the economy of this strange world of ours."

"Do you mean to say they are really beneficial?"

"You may be surprised when you are told that the earth could not be inhabited by man but for the important work of these lowest forms of life. They act as scavengers, and reduce to dust all forms of dead vegetable and animal matter scattered over the face of the earth. The process of decay would be impossible were it not for

these little entities. Just imagine the condition of things if nothing in the world would decay. Excretory products (as refuse matter from kitchens, barns, and sewers), weeds, chips, old logs, and dead animals, would never decompose, and the gradual accumulation of all these useless and obnoxious things would make it impossible for you to go about; the soil would become exhausted and unproductive; and the earth a sterile sphere upon which neither man nor beast could live: but these little friends of ours decompose all this mass of animal and vegetable detritus—separate it into its original elements, changing it into rich, productive soil, to be again converted into the different forms of life, as the trees and greenery that so beautify the earth."

"I was not aware that their work is so vastly important."

"Do you know that fermentation of all kinds is the work of these little microörganisms, or some of the low forms of plant life? Acid fermentation produces vinegar; vinous fermentation, alcohol. All manner of alcoholic drinks are produced in this way; and alcohol itself is but a poisonous product of these germs. The acid fermentation of milk can only be produced by the action of these minute forms of life; and the ice cream and milk poisoning, which you have doubtless heard of, is caused by disease-producing germs that obtain access to the milk under favorable conditions. These germs cannot flourish in milk that is immediately cooled and kept at a temperature below sixty degrees Fahrenheit. You are doubtless surprised by these statements, yet they are

true, and are only proof of the divine wisdom of the Creator in making such wonderful provisions for beautifying and purifying the earth and making it habitable for man."

"This knowledge of the microbe is of comparatively recent date, is it not?"

"The germ theory of disease is not new; it was doubtless believed by some of the writers of antiquity, and more than two hundred years ago it was brought distinctly forward by the celebrated "Father" Kircher, as a hypothesis to account for the infectious nature of the plague. During the following century it was indorsed by many eminent physicians; but it was not until after the microscope had attained to something near its present perfection that definite knowledge could be obtained, and practical work begun. Pasteur vaccinated some sheep in 1875 with an attenuated virus of the anthrax bacillus, which immunized them against the action of this dangerous microbe. Lister, about the same time, applied the principles of antisepsis to surgery; and I well remember when, in the hospitals and college clinics, surgical operations were made under a constant carbolized spray. It was not, however, until the discovery by Koch of the tubercle bacillus in 1882, and of the cholera bacillus in 1884, that the germ theory of disease began to assume a tangible and practical form. Today all leading physicians are enthusiastic advocates of the—I will not call it germ theory of disease, but—reproductive power of disease poison, as an organized living entity. What else can it be? The smallest possible amount of the poison

of an infectious or contagious disease comes in contact with a susceptible person, and what happens? Nothing for a time, and if the poison were only an inorganic substance nothing ever would come of it; but as it is a living entity, capable of generating itself, it develops rapidly, and in a week or ten days, or longer, the original disease is reproduced."

"How about the tubercle bacillus?" you ask.

"Well, it is the same, only it requires a longer time for the malady to become manifest. You see, the microbe that causes this affection is very difficult to destroy. It is said to retain its vitality in a dried state. Floating in the atmosphere as dust, it is inhaled, and sooner or later the disease is reproduced."

"But," you say, "if this is the case, how is it that all people do not contract the disease, since consumptive people are continually spitting upon the ground and upon the floors of houses wherein they reside? If the tubercle bacillus is in the sputum, as I infer, I do not see how any one can escape."

"You are right; and were it not for a wise provision of nature, no one would escape. You see, the blood serum and the white blood corpuscles have powerful germ-destroying properties, and no deleterious microbe is permitted to live when it enters the tissues of strong, healthy individuals. The white blood corpuscles, or leucocytes, as they are called, swallow them up and digest them. But if the patient is predisposed to disease, and his health below par, the leucocytes are then unable to stand guard and resist the microbic invasion, and he readily falls a vic-

tim to their power. In such a fight between leucocyte and microbe for ascendency, the latter wins the day, and immediately takes possession and quietly does its deadly work. Do you know that one consumptive person on a farm can, and frequently does, infect the cattle? He spits upon the grass or hay, and the cattle eating the germs become infected. You cannot easily tell when they have the disease. The favorite site of tubercle bacilli in cows is the udder. These cows will remain in fine condition apparently, and yet will sometimes infect the unsuspecting person who drinks their milk."

"Is there no way to destroy these germs in the milk and to render it innoxious?" you ask.

"Yes; it can be boiled, and the germs thus destroyed. Sterilizers are made for the purpose, and it is very little trouble to boil the milk before it is cooled. This is sometimes advised by physicians when the milk is not known to be from a healthy source. But fortunately cows, like men, when healthy are able to resist the action of the tubercle bacillus, so that only an occasional animal is sufficiently susceptible to become infected. Farmers and dairymen should know these things and guard against possible infection."

"This," you say, "is certainly very interesting; but what is there about the disease-producing microbes to distinguish them from the harmless ones?"

"Absolutely nothing in their general appearance. All microörganisms are included under one common name—bacteria. These are divided and subdivided; but the two general classes are bacilli and micrococci. The bacilli are

rod-shaped or club-shaped, and form the most important class of disease-producing microörganisms. Anthrax, cholera, tetanus, and typhoid fever bacilli belong to this group; and the bacillus of diphtheria might also be mentioned as an important member of this class. The world is full of bacilli that are entirely harmless. Micrococci are usually round, or they have spherical elements which entitle them to a place in this class. They are divided into many distinct groups. When united in a way that resembles a bunch of grapes, they are called staphylococci; when united in couples, they are called diplococci. They are sometimes arranged in strings, and are then called streptococci. Some of these are pathogenic or disease-producing, but most of them are harmless. These minute forms are so very transparent that they must be stained before they can be seen even under a high-power microscope. The aniline dyes are used, and the blue and red stains are the ones in most common use. It is the peculiar method of staining some of these that distinguishes them from other similar forms. The sputum or other material containing tubercle bacilli is first stained red; then it is destained, or the red color all taken out, except, perhaps, a very slight tint; and it is then stained blue. The tubercle bacilli do not give up their red color in the destaining process; and when the blue stain is applied they will not stain blue, but remain red; so everything on the color glass remains blue except the tubercle bacilli, which are red, and by this fact they are recognized. Before any microörganism can be certainly known to be pathogenic, it must be isolated and pure

artificial cultures obtained; that is, they must be grown in some culture media, as gelatine, agar-agar, potato, or some of the many substances used for the purpose. These materials must be kept in sterilized tubes, or spread upon sterilized plates, when a pure culture is sought for. The pure culture, when obtained, if injected into some susceptible animal must reproduce the disease in that animal; then you have the proof that this particular germ will cause the disease in question. Certain diseases have not yet been reproduced in animals. In such the constant presence of the peculiar microbe and its known relation to the disease in question, its size, shape, life history, and its ability to thrive on suitable soil outside the animal economy, is regarded as sufficient proof of its capability. One single experiment is not enough. It takes a series of experiments to establish a single fact. In this way it is known that the cholera bacillus is the cause of Asiatic cholera, the typhoid bacillus of typhoid fever, the pneumococcus of pneumonia, and the tubercle bacillus of consumption."

"How do these germs give rise to the different manifestations of disease?"

"It is not merely by their presence in the alimentary track—or in the throat, as the case may be—but by the action of the poisonous products which are produced by them, and which give rise to the various manifestations of the different diseases."

"All this is very strange and interesting," you say; and you express your admiration for the patient and unparalleled work necessarily done by the bacteriologist

in his self-imposed task, in order to give to this new field of science even a semblance of tangibility or of scientific aspect.

"It has, indeed, been a herculean task," says your friend, "for these men to take from obscurity this wonderful and important science and to place it in the bright sunlight of modern research; and the world owes to them a debt of gratitude which it will never be able to pay. Who can estimate the importance of even the knowledge already given us by these benefactors? and what can we expect will be the results in the wonderful future now dawning?"

"What effect has all this on sanitation?"

"Sanitary science has become a science indeed since the cause of disease has been made known; and as more is learned and added to the stock of knowledge now in store, we will be able to check the spread of all forms of disease as certainly as vaccination prevents the spread of smallpox. But before the greatest benefit can be received from the knowledge given us by the bacteriologist, the people must be educated. They must know some of the main facts of this wonderful science; they must know the real cause of infectious and contagious diseases; they must know that if they would check the spread of these diseases they must work in harmony with the physician—that the doctor may give directions, but that the details of the work must be done by them. They should be taught something of the habits of these disease germs—of their mode of travel from one victim to another. They should be instructed how to surely

destroy these little organisms, and not let one escape to find a habitation in some other body. This must be done by the family physician. If the disease spreads because of neglect of duty upon his part, he becomes responsible just in proportion to that neglect; but if he attends to all the necessary details and then the disease should spread, he can wash his hands of all responsibility; and the nurse, the parents, or whoever has had charge of the patient, becomes responsible for not having followed directions. If, however, in spite of all precautions, the disease should spread, no one is to blame, for everything has been done that could reasonably have been expected; and neither the doctor's conscience nor his clientele will condemn him."

"Can these diseases be controlled and kept within limits?" you ask.

"In the majority of instances they can, but occasionally they can not. Under favorable circumstances they may nearly always be kept within bounds. Much depends upon the environments, and the intelligence of the people and their willingness to help you."

"You don't mean to say that people are not always willing to help you in your work of checking the spread of these contagious diseases, do you, Doctor?"

"Yes, that is just what I mean. You see, the more ignorant people almost universally have the greatest assurance of their own ability to know what should be done. They are entirely unable to grasp the importance of the situation; and they could not understand the deadly nature of the disease-producing microbe, no

matter how much trouble you might take to explain it to them. They will come to understand this in time; but it must be repeated over and over to them, and they must learn of their more intelligent neighbors. Sometimes you are led to believe that they do not care, and this doubtless is often the case. When these diseases accidentally appear amongst the better classes, they scarcely ever spread, for here you find favorable conditions for checking them. You can also be assured of the hearty coöperation of these intelligent people; and if you do your whole duty in the way of giving instructions in regard to the hygienic and sanitary management of the patient and his surroundings, you can almost always feel assured that the disease will not spread. In the hovels of the poor, things are quite different; and I know of no way of impressing this upon your mind more permanently than by giving you a little personal experience. I now have two cases of diphtheria in one of these poor abodes, only a few miles in the country; and if you want some real living experience, and will go with me, I will show you some of the difficulties to be encountered amongst this class of people."

You are soon on the road. The doctor explains that these people live in the woods quite a distance back from the road, and two or three gates will have to be opened and a fence or two let down before you get there. The man is a poor, ignorant tenant, and has a lease upon some of this woodland. He gets his drinking water from "the branch"; works an old broken-legged horse

and a mule; and is, in fact, the kind of man described by Doctor King as a typical "branch-water man."

The scenery here is not quite so beautiful as you have seen in some of your previous drives, but you enjoy being in the woods; it reminds you of some former experience, and gives you an excellent opportunity to observe the works of nature. You really enjoy the ride over these wooded acres, and the pleasant conversation—everything, in fact, except opening the gates and the fences, which you reluctantly volunteer to do on general principles. A grave suspicion comes over you that it was for this very purpose that you were invited to accompany the doctor, rather than to learn something of the lives of these unfortunate people. The doctor tells you that he will probably not be able by any means at his command to protect the remaining children of the household.

"There was a mild case of the disease here a few days ago," he says, "and I did everything I could to prevent any of the other children from contracting it; but I could not get the parents to understand the insidious nature of the disease, or the necessity for absolute cleanliness, or for the use of antiseptics, or for boiling the soiled clothes and bedding of the patient, nor could I get them to understand the absolute necessity of keeping the patient isolated, and of keeping the other children away from him. Another child was complaining last evening; and as the disease seems to be very malignant, there is no telling what the result will be. But here is their 'mansion.'"



"A little one-story cabin of round logs."

The doctor pulls up in front of a little one-story cabin of round logs, made after the primitive style, with a clapboard roof and a stick chimney. The surroundings compare favorably with the house; everything indicates the most abject poverty, even to the dogs and the half dozen half-clad children who play about the door. As you enter the house, you observe that it is lighted only by a three-pane window and by the half-open door. The woman, as you see her through the gloom, is an illy clad, swarthy, overworked-looking creature, barefooted, in a dark calico dress that has seen much service, and a tangled mass of hair about her head. She is of medium size, and undoubtedly in consonance with her surroundings.

"My husband has gone for some of the neighbors," she says, "for the children are awful bad."

You now observe her features more clearly, and you hardly know what to make of her. She does not seem to be much grieved; she does not seem to be much worried over the condition of her children. You hardly know whether she is inclined to weep or not; but you are sure she is not happy, and that is about all you can judge of her, for she seems to be the very embodiment of stoicism. She is evidently inured to hard times and to hard usage. You are half inclined to pity her, but you do not know whether she wants your sympathy.

But here your thoughts are disturbed by the entrance into this squalid abode of an intelligent, neatly dressed lady, who has heard of the sickness here and has called in to see if there is anything she can do for the family. The

doctor, who has just been examining the sick children, requests her to come to the bedside, and he there informs her that one of the children is now in a dying condition. "One," he says, "will only live a few moments, and the other only a few hours." He requests the lady to take charge of the other children and to keep them out of the house until everything is cleaned up and the house disinfected; and he then proceeds to give directions in detail. But here the child ceases to breathe, and its mother—this stoical-looking woman—gives vent to her pent-up feelings in loud outbursts of grief; and you now see the motherly instinct assert itself. She would have her children all around the bed if permitted; and when not allowed to thus expose them, she almost shows her temper, and says, "I don't see why the children can't see their little brother."

The woman's husband now returns. Some more of the neighbors come in, and quiet is again restored. The doctor gives directions for the funeral and for cleaning up the house, and again gives some instructions in regard to the other children. You retire, wondering what there is in life for such people.

As you jog along, the doctor tells you that the branch-water men have about all disappeared, that this one is the last of his race in this vicinity, and that diphtheria is only helping to finish the work that civilization has so nearly completed.

"The branch-water man has his prototype in the worthless vagabonds of the more populous communities," says the doctor, "and you find him in the crowded tenement-house districts. About the only difference is that

there he drinks from the hydrant, or has his wife bring water to him. He is in nearly all the small towns, and he takes life just as easy, and possesses no more wealth; and he gives the doctor just the same trouble now, and more than did his predecessor."

The doctor is silent a moment, and then says, "The other little patient will be dead in a few hours, and they will both probably be buried in the same grave."

You are now at home, and you are more than ever impressed with the importance of the physician's work.

"You are once more invited to go with me into the domain of bacteriology," continues the doctor, "and see for yourself something of the work that is there being done."

You enter the laboratory of this great field of science, and you there observe a limited number of men sitting as motionless as statues looking into their microscopes with a fixed gaze that astonishes you. They scarcely seem to move, except now and then to adjust their instruments, to regulate the amount of light, to get a more perfect focus, or to gently move the slide to bring another field into view. You are told that they are studying the preparations they have upon the slides very carefully, so that everything of interest may be minutely scrutinized. The eyes of these men have become so trained by constant practice that nothing can escape their view.

As you approach a little nearer you observe that some of them are looking into their microscopes with one

eye, and onto a piece of paper on the table near by with the other. They seem to be carefully at work, as if drawing pictures, and you inquire what they are doing with their paper and pencils. You are informed that they are making drawings of what they see, that in this way these images may be preserved for future reference. As you draw nearer, you notice that some of these sketches are very beautiful and certainly must be accurate representations of the view presented within. Others who are not so good at drawing, or who want perfectly accurate pictures, are taking photographs through the microscope with an instrument made for the purpose. Your presence among these people does not seem to disturb them, so absorbed are they with their work. You even doubt whether they know you are there. You pass on, and are told that most of these men are original investigators, and that they are so absorbed in their interesting pursuit that they are entirely unconscious of what is going on about them,—they are scarcely aware of the existence of anything except what they see in their wonderful instruments.

You go a little farther and you see in this remarkable laboratory another group. Each one is standing by a table upon which is an alcohol lamp, a washbasin, a hydrant from which a stream of water is constantly flowing, some large-mouthed vials with glass stoppers, containing fluids and other materials to be examined, or the hardened pathological specimens ready to be cut into transparently thin slices, so that they can be mounted upon slides for examination. Here you see bottles with

staining fluids, and here some watch glasses with clear fluid in them for destaining purposes, and here some little glass rods and some glass tubes with a loop of platinum wire fastened in one end.

As you near one of these men, you observe that he is taking some fluid from one of the bottles with the platinum wire loop. He gently spreads it upon a cover glass which he holds in a pair of forceps; and this done, he puts it down upon the table and takes up another and treats it in the same way, and so on until a half dozen or more are thus prepared. You will observe that each time he uses the platinum wire he holds it in the flame until it is red hot, and the reason he uses platinum is because it can be brought to a white heat any number of times without in any way injuring it. The wire is heated, you are informed, to kill the microbes upon it, for working with disease germs is a dangerous business, and great precautions must be taken. He next takes the cover glasses one at a time in his forceps and gently passes them through the flame two or three times. He then puts a few drops of a red-looking fluid upon each, and again holds each one in turn over the flame of the alcohol lamp until nearly boiling hot. After a few minutes he takes one up with the forceps and dips it first into one colorless solution, then into the other; and as he holds it up to the light you observe that the red color has about all disappeared. He then treats the others in like manner, and when this process is completed he drops some blue-looking fluid upon one, then immediately transfers it to the stream of water, and washes and dries

it. He treats the others in like manner. He next takes a glass slide, puts a drop of Canada balsam upon it, and places the cover glass upon it with the face down. It is now ready for the microscope. The remaining ones are mounted the same way.

The process of staining you have just witnessed is not the best; but it is a quick method, and answers quite well for certain kinds of work. The specimens you have just seen prepared probably contain tubercle bacilli; and if so, the bacilli will appear red, while all else on the slide will be blue.

But you pass on, and you observe many other men at work. Some are making artificial cultures of bacteria in culture tubes, which, when infected, are placed in incubators, where they are kept at the proper temperature until the colonies of germs are developed. You also see plate cultivations in process. These are made only for the purpose of obtaining pure cultures. By putting a drop of a dilute solution of the suspected fluid into liquid gelatine, or other culture media, and shaking thoroughly and spreading it upon sterilized plates, different colonies will develop, and each colony will be a pure culture. These can be cultivated in tubes, and experiments made with them upon susceptible animals.

The work of the bacteriologist must be accurate; and a large number of experiments are required to establish a single fact.

You see many other men at work in the different departments here, but you have not the time to watch them. You now retire; but you have seen enough to convince

you that a great work is being done here, and you feel sure that the world will be astonished by the results.

"In this work," says your friend, "many inaccuracies creep in, and future investigations will prove that some of the work of these men has been delusive, and that the entire investigation on some lines will have to be done over; but enough has already been accomplished and proven beyond the possibility of doubt to place the world under lasting obligations to them."

You once more take leave of your friend—wondering what really will be the outcome of all this.

Chapter VII

Preventive Medicine

THE doctor now passes into the most extensive and fertile field in the domain of medicine—a field which in its expanse is equaled by none, which has never been worked as thoroughly as it should have been, but which in the future is destined to yield surprisingly abundant results. Here he sees two great sciences—which should be considered as one—hygiene, which treats of the laws of health in their broadest sense; and sanitation, which includes a consideration of all that can be done to promote public health.

He sees these two great departments practically without a head in this country; and he more than ever deprecates the actions and the methods of the average politician, who will spend months and months hedging against the possibilities of defeat for himself and for the great political party with which he is affiliated, and but a few minutes, perhaps, in the consideration of laws calculated to preserve the health of seventy millions of people. Of course, something has been done by the government on this line, and extraordinary results have followed. But an ideal system of hygiene and of sanitation can never be established that will meet all emergencies and result in the most good until the medical profession is represented in the cabinet of the President of the United States by an officer—an efficient medical gentleman—who should

be designated, as in a bill prepared by the late Doctor Comegys, of Cincinnati, as Secretary of Public Health, who would be at the head of, and in touch with, the hygienic and sanitary work of the entire medical profession of this great country.

As the etiology of disease is better understood, greater results are to be expected from a judicious application of the principles of sanitary science to the prevention of disease than ever before. Bacteriological investigations have given us such a knowledge of disease-producing microörganisms, of their habits and manner of growth, and of how they find their way into the system of man, and of the toxines, or poisonous products, produced by them, as will enable the future sanitarian to do such intelligent and efficient work that it will surprise even the most enthusiastic advocate of the germ theory of disease. The sanitarian knows that so long as he keeps the cholera or typhoid fever bacillus on the outside of him he is not in the least danger of contracting these diseases. He knows that if all discharges containing the bacilli are thoroughly disinfected they are then powerless to spread these maladies. He knows that if the patient's linen is thoroughly disinfected or boiled it cannot be the carrier of disease. He knows that if sufficient care is taken, not a microbe will escape—that the disease can go no further; and he most certainly knows he has the power to say even to the cholera bacillus, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Our dreamer looks into the future and sees a system of preventive medicine which shall stay the progress of

all manner of contagious and infectious diseases; and in his vision he perceives even that dread disease consumption almost removed from the face of the earth. He sees the average of human life lengthened until—barring accidents—it nears threescore years and ten.

Now he passes from the large domain of preventive medicine into some of the smaller fields in order to observe the work of individual members of the profession, and he invites you to go with him and there see for yourself what sacrifices are daily made by physicians in all the different lines of practice. You are surprised at the zeal of these men in their efforts to prevent sickness even though by so doing they sacrifice their very means of support. Yet they work with ceaseless energy and with self-forgetfulness never seen in the lives of those whose only thought is money.

Here you see a physician treating some cases of diphtheria. The disease has just broken out, and there are only two or three cases in the neighborhood, but there is much material subject to its work, for there are many children in this community, and the doctor is very busy giving instructions here and there. You observe that he has isolated the patients, and allows none but those in immediate charge to go near them. The remaining children of the household are kept in a distant part of the dwelling, or sent from home until the danger is past.

You inquire of your companion the meaning of all this. He quietly informs you that the doctor is only trying to prevent the spread of this dangerous disease, which, if permitted, will invade the entire neighborhood and en-

danger the lives of all the children in it. He speaks in a matter-of-course way, but you are nevertheless much surprised at his statement. You are a business man; and according to your way — the business way — of looking at things, in place of trying to check this epidemic, and thus shutting off your income, you would let it run with a high hand in its work of destruction, you would follow up and treat its victims as long as they were able to swallow, and when it had exhausted itself—and about all the beautiful children — you would then advertise for another epidemic of a similar or more lasting kind. But here you observe a doctor — a moneyless one at that, perhaps — actually trying — and, from the way he is going about it, almost certain to succeed — to prevent the spread of this dangerous disease, when by such a course he is limiting the rations of himself and family for many days to come.

You inquire if physicians generally are such fools or such poor business men as to thus prevent the very sickness upon which they and their families are dependent for a living. You are at once informed that they are neither fools nor business men, but physicians. They have a duty to perform, and are conscientiously performing it and letting the bread and butter question take care of itself. This doctor will get a small fee, no doubt, for treating these children, and it will have to suffice for the very important service of shielding all these little ones from the relentless hand of death. But no matter; he has done his duty, and the presence of these playful children is his reward. That, and a consciousness of duty well performed is worth to him more than gold.

"But," you ask, "how can he make a living for his family in this way?"

"He does not make as much money as men with like ability in the business world, but there is always enough unavoidable sickness for a moderate living for himself and family. If sordid, avaricious, or anxious to be numbered among those who view their success in life by the millions they accumulate, his place is not in the medical profession. He who practices medicine only for money can never be an ideal physician. But do you know that in preventing the spread of this epidemic and saving the lives of so many children this physician has in all probability received more abuse than if he had allowed it to spread over the neighborhood and kill half the children in it?"

You are surprised at this seemingly paradoxical statement, and so express yourself. You are told that many of these people are ignorant, and in the place of a grateful recognition of his important services he is stigmatized by this class of his patrons for his officiousness, and for "nosing" around their homes investigating matters which they consider none of his business. He was employed to treat the sick, they say, and had no right to interfere with the actions or privileges of the well. Of course, the more intelligent people always appreciate such services, and are generally very grateful for them, and with such remuneration the doctor is content. You are again surprised, and do not hesitate to say so. The very idea of a physician being paid for important professional services simply by such expressions as grateful

recognition of, and appreciation for, his important services!

"They had much better express their appreciation," you say, "by laying down in the doctor's palm a few dollars of solid cash."

"Perhaps they had, but they do not often do it," is the doctor's only response.

You are now invited to go with your companion and see for yourself a little experience, such as occasionally occurs in the practice of most physicians, especially those who practice in the country. It is only a short distance from the doctor's office; and as you go he tells you that he has a little patient with scarlet fever and that in his efforts to isolate the child and to prevent the spread of the disease, and probably the death of a large number of children, he has met with the most stubborn opposition.

"The parents," he says, "are ignorant, and cannot be made to understand either the dangerous character of the disease or their responsibility in the matter, much less the necessity for their hearty coöperation in the persistent efforts necessary to be made in order to keep the disease within bounds. A doctor can do very little unless the parents will give him their assistance and do their part of the work. He can only give directions; the work in all its details must be carried out by the parents or the nurse. But here we are."

You enter a small one-story frame house with three rooms. The one containing the patient is rather large, with a fireplace in one end, a window in the other, and a

door and a window in each side. It is fairly well ventilated, and on the whole is reasonably well arranged for a sick room. The mother is a hysterical little woman who does not look to be overintelligent, and the sick baby—a very pretty child—is resting upon her lap. The child is very ill, evidently in great danger. The doctor carefully examines her, counts her pulse and respirations, and takes her temperature. The mother, with tears in her eyes, inquires in jerky accents if her child is any better; but she knows she is too sick for that. The doctor shakes his head, but gives her the little encouragement he can, and then asks if she has admitted any one into the room since his last visit.

"No, Doctor," she says, "except Mrs. Brown and one or two of my own grown-up girls whom I did not believe would take the disease."

'But," says the doctor, "did I not tell you they were liable to contract the disease if exposed, and that they might carry the contagion on their clothes, and thus cause the disease to spread? Have I not told you that your neighbors might carry the contagion home with them and give it to their children? Mrs. Brown has some little children; and if she should carry the disease on her clothes to them, and they should die, you would be responsible, morally responsible, for their lives. I tell you this thing must stop—no more chances must be taken; it is my duty to prevent the spread of the disease, and I shall do it if it is within my power. You must not permit any one to enter this room who has little ones at home to care for."

Here the woman broke down and commenced to weep, saying that it seemed hard for herself and husband to be alone with the child when she looked as if she could live only a short time at most.

"So it does," says the doctor a little less sternly than before; "but if you need help now, you must get some one who has no children. Surely, my good woman, you do not want to see any of your neighbors' children, or your own, in the condition of this little sufferer; then certainly you will not allow any of them to be exposed."

Having first inquired if every cloth used about the child was burned as soon as removed, and all its clothing placed in the antiseptic fluid and then thoroughly boiled, he then instructed her to keep some water boiling on the stove, and have every cup or spoon used by or near the child placed in it and allowed to boil before being used again, and after giving various other directions he informs you that he is ready to go.

You retire, but you have never been impressed before with the difficulties to be surmounted by the general practitioner in his efforts to save life. Your friend now tells you that his little patient can only live a short time, and says:

"There will be one more fight to make to prevent the spread of this dreadful disease, and to prevent the innocent children of this community from becoming its victims —just one more fight, the fight against a public funeral. This fight will have to be made, and that mother will always feel ungrateful, and even out of humor at her

doctor, because he refused to again permit her to expose her own and her neighbors' children; and she will say, 'I don't see why little Annie couldn't have had a public funeral like other children.' "

"A peculiar experience," remarks your medical friend as you go along, "occurred to me a few years ago when this country was threatened by an epidemic of Asiatic cholera. The state board of health concluded to clean up the state and anticipate the epidemic, and have every locality in first-rate sanitary condition before the cholera could put in an appearance; so they sent out circular letters to every town in the state. I received one of these in due time; but as my town was not incorporated and therefore had no health officers, I suggested to the secretary of the board of health the propriety of organizing a society for the purpose of looking after the sanitary condition of the town and its surroundings. The secretary replied that this was a good suggestion and that he hoped it would be carried out at once and the results reported to him. I called a meeting and stated its objects, and also mentioned somewhat in detail the work that should be done. The society was organized; but all kinds of sport was made of it by some of the good citizens of the town, who said they would see after their own premises, and would not permit this officious organization to interfere with their affairs. Be it said, however, to its credit, the town was put in fine condition, cleaned up, and whitewashed almost from one end to the other."

The spread of contagious diseases could be stayed even in the troublous days of the rebellion. Physicians often took desperate chances in battling against them. When New Orleans was occupied by the Yankees, with General Butler at their head, yellow fever broke out a few miles from the city, and there was great danger to the citizens and to the Federal troops as well. A resident physician, a Southern man and a rebel, went to General Butler and told him he would undertake to keep the contagion from entering the city if he would permit him to do so. The general asked him if he believed he could do it. He said he could.

"Do you realize," said the general, "that if you fail you will be shot?"

"I do."

He was permitted to undertake the task; and, as history will tell you, there was no yellow fever in the city that year. General Butler himself set about the work of having the city put in perfect sanitary condition; and here this peculiar pair, though different as were their callings and environments—one a warrior, the other a physician; one a conquerer, the other entirely at his mercy,—prevented the spread of this life-destroying disease, both in and out of the city. Which was the greater hero of the two? It is easily answered.

Let it also be said to their everlasting credit, that the physicians were about the only men to raise a voice against the inhuman treatment of the prisoners of war during the cloudy days of the rebellion.

"I have one more visit to make today," says the doctor, "and if you are not tired of such scenes, and will go with me, you shall see some more of the difficulties encountered by the general practitioner in his important work."

This patient is several miles in the country, you are told, but the roads are in fine condition and it will be rather a pleasant drive. You accept the invitation and are soon on the road. You drive in silence for a short time, each one busy with his own thoughts—you admiring the growing crops and the surroundings, for you are in a beautiful country, and the fall of the year is approaching. This has been a prosperous year for the farmers, and you are surrounded by evidences of thrift on all sides. You see great stacks of wheat, or, more often, piles of straw, for much of the wheat has already been threshed, the straw alone remaining to tell the story of the ample remuneration received by the farmer for his many days of weary toil. The growing corn, you observe, is in fine condition, and will certainly yield an abundant crop, while fruit—especially apples—exists in the greatest profusion. The delicious "Maiden Blushes" have already taken on their rosy tint; other trees are staggering under their great loads of "Ben Davis," with their beautiful shades of red; and many other varieties are to be seen in abundance all about you.

Your friend is doubtless dreaming of the patient he is going to see. He is very quiet, and seems in the deepest reverie about some important subject. At last the silence is broken.

"The patient we are about to visit has typhoid fever," remarks the doctor, "and one of the difficulties to be encountered in the country is to ascertain the cause of the outbreak of the disease. The first case that occurred in this family was the only one of the kind within a radius of several miles, and the patient had not been from home, and had had no opportunity of taking the disease from another person. The house he occupied was a new one, and the surroundings seemed to be all that could be desired. Suggestions as to the possibility that the water used by these people had been contaminated were received by them almost indignantly, as they were entirely satisfied it could not have been polluted. Notwithstanding the fact that I have requested them to discontinue its use or to boil it before using, as boiling would destroy the poison, they have continued to use it; and in spite of all other precautions, one after another has taken the disease, until the sixth one of the family is now down. Three or four of their neighbors who have visited them frequently have also contracted the disease. Some four years ago, before the new house was built, there was a typhoid fever patient there. The old house stood near the site of the new one, and the discharges, which were probably not thoroughly disinfected, were thrown north of the well, and north of some old buildings that then stood there, and upon higher ground than the well. The rats have burrowed beneath these old buildings and from there to the well. I have a strong suspicion that here is the source of contamination, and hence have advised the family to discontinue the use of this water; but they still

persist in using it Here is their home, and you can observe the gradual slope from the north.''

As you get out of the carriage you observe a neat, two-story frame house, with surroundings that indicate prosperity. As you enter the house you are met by a very intelligent middle-aged man, who at once conducts you to the sick room on the upper floor. The room is a very neat and commodious one, well ventilated, with everything in perfect order. The patient is doing quite well, you are informed. The doctor again talks to this gentleman about the possible source of infection, and you observe he is very careful in his details in regard to the precautions necessary to prevent the remaining members of the family from taking the disease. All clothing removed from the patients or their beds is to be immediately boiled, and all discharges thoroughly disinfected. Even the teaspoons and cups are to be placed in water and boiled before they are allowed to be used again. After all these instructions are given, this gentleman says:

''Doctor, I made a discovery yesterday which convinces me that the water may have something to do with our sickness. While it was raining I went down into the well, and about six feet from the surface a stream of dirty water was pouring into the well through a rat hole. I can now assure you we will use no more water from that well.''

The doctor now informs you that he is ready to go; and you silently retire, thinking of what you have seen and heard. You again ride in silence, but your curiosity is aroused, and you inquire of the doctor if he connects the typhoid fever of four years ago with this outbreak.

"It is possible," he says, "that such is the case. It is not definitely known how long typhoid fever germs will live in the soil, but it is certain that they will live for several weeks, and I see no reason why they might not live indefinitely. I believe that under favorable circumstances they may maintain their vitality for a period of years. The conditions were certainly favorable in the case under consideration; the discharges from the typhoid patient here four years ago were emptied into the vault, which was a mere hole in the rich, loose soil, and here they had remained undisturbed until, perhaps, they were connected with the well by a subterranean passage made by the rats."

"This," you remark, "is certainly a very interesting subject. Are there no other means by which these germs can be communicated except through the drinking water?"

"Yes," replies the doctor, "they might be communicated through the atmosphere; but when in the soil they must first be disturbed by plowing or digging, so that they could find their way into the atmosphere and then be taken into the mouth and throat with the inspired air. In the case under consideration, however, this could hardly have been."

"Are these the only means of communication between man and the typhoid fever germ?" you ask.

"No, milk is sometimes a prolific source of infection, but here the germs usually find their way into the milk cans by the use of infected water. Doctor Lindsley, of the Connecticut state board of health, traced the origin

of one hundred and sixty-four cases of typhoid fever to the milk cans of one milkman; and the water in the well on his premises was found to contain about 69,000 bacteria to the cubic centimeter. But the most unique of all the media of communication of the typhoid fever germ is the very palatable and succulent little oyster. I do not wonder at your inquiring how this can be; but the fact is, oysters are sometimes grown near the mouths of sewers, and, it is is said, form a very comfortable and perhaps delightful home for the typhoid bacillus."

"Do typhoid fever germs live in sewers?" you ask.

"Most certainly they do, and doubtless they are nearly always present in the sewers of the larger cities. These germs have been known to live in sewers for three months, and I see no reason why they should not live there indefinitely."

You are now at home, and you again take leave of your friend and quietly walk away, thinking of this interesting, but dangerous, little microörganism.

Chapter VIII

Woman

IN these pages, I wish it understood that I am in favor of woman's rights. I believe man is entitled to no privilege that he is not willing to share equally with woman. I believe woman to be man's equal in most, and his superior in some, respects. I believe that woman was originally made of a little finer material than man. You say man was made first, and for that reason should take the first place in the world. Suppose he was; he was made from the dust of the earth, and was not woman made from his rib? She was one remove, at least, from the mere soil from which man was created, and is therefore more delicately organized than he. You say woman ate the forbidden fruit, and was thus the cause of all the sin, all the trouble, and all the work in the world, and was even the cause of Adam's sin, and of his being driven from the garden and sentenced to hard work all the days of his life. Now, I would just like to know how she could cause Adam to eat an apple if she were not stronger than he—not physically, but mentally, stronger. If Adam was the superior being you seem to think him, why did he not refuse to eat the apple? I have no doubt that some former experience had convinced him of the futility of such a course, and he submitted to the wishes of his wife in this matter of eating an apple, just as men submit now to the wishes of their wives in mat-

ters of much less importance. So he just gave in and ate the apple like the dutiful husband that he was. I can see Eve now as she approaches him with a beautiful apple in her hand, and leans caressingly upon his shoulder, with one of her delicate little feet resting in front of him upon the green, and that beautiful right arm of hers carelessly about his neck, and the waving tresses of her soft hair gently sweeping his face as he looks upon her exquisitely lovely features—for she must have been a beautiful woman as she came from the hand of her Creator—and into those large dark eyes, and sees her exquisite smile and the gleam of her pearly teeth, and intently listens to her melodious voice as she says, "Adam, my dear, I have brought you a nice apple; it is a delicious one, and has the most agreeable flavor." He takes one more glance into the wondrous depth of her lustrous eyes, and as he sees her seraphic smile he is enraptured by her loveliness. He hesitates, he trembles, he yields, surrendering everything to her power; and the first contest between the sexes results in woman's triumph. But what man could have done otherwise? Adam knew it was the forbidden fruit, but he took it and he ate it, just as any of us poor mortals would do today. He felt his inferiority; he knew he could not resist his wife's superior mentality; and he submitted to her wish, thus establishing woman upon the pinnacle of power in the first episode in human history. Eve was first in the possession of knowledge then, and woman has been first in its acquisition ever since, and has only been kept in the background by man's superior physical power.

Another striking example of woman's superiority was demonstrated by Queen Semiramis, wife of Ninus, founder of the Assyrian kingdom, more than two thousand two hundred years before the birth of Christ. This woman, of extraordinary beauty and intelligence and military prowess, survived her husband and eclipsed him in a successful reign of forty-two years. She then abdicated the throne in favor of her son, just to show to the world her belief in the ability of men to take part in the higher intellectual pursuits. This unprecedented act has no parallel in the history of the sterner sex, even unto the present day, and stands as an everlasting monument to the magnanimity of woman.

Here we have two striking examples of the intellectual superiority of women in the earliest history of our race; and as we come on down, woman, we find, asserts herself whenever she finds it necessary to do so.

Hygeia is another illustrious example of woman's greater ability and attainments. She was the goddess of health, which was the highest rank attainable in the domain of medicine. Æsculapius was the god of medicine, and it was his business to cure the sick. Hygeia being the goddess of health, it was her business to prevent sickness, which was a very much more distinguished, important, and honorable calling than was that of merely curing the sick, or administering nauseous and disgusting doses of physic. Hygeia was the daughter of Æsculapius, and how she ever achieved her high position in those days of rule by physical force has always been a mystery to the world. It seems strange that some herculean member of the other

side of the house did not declare himself to be the god of health, or that Æsculapius himself did not assume that elevated position. I imagine he did try it, but was soon convinced by his more intelligent relative that this coveted and dignified calling was not for him, but for one better qualified, and especially designed by nature to adorn this exquisite, delightfully pure, and highly exalted science,—that of keeping the world as nearly pure as possible, and directing its inhabitants how to live so that there would be but little work for the physician to do. Hygeia was doubtless a dutiful daughter, and seeing her father overworked she might have conceived the idea of becoming a goddess of health purely from love, sympathy, and devotion to him and the common interest of mankind as well. You know woman is constantly doing such unaccountable things even in our day. She is still conceiving great ideas and evolving great plans for making the world better, and she still succeeds, just as Hygeia did under the strongest opposition that could be brought to bear. Here this woman was opposed by a god, who, it is said, was able to raise the dead, but, it seems, was not able to prevent their dying. How did she succeed in thus elevating herself to this high position, and against such odds? The answer is, "By superior mentality and preëminent moral force."

Woman exhibited these rare endowments then, and she exhibits them today. Æsculapius knew it would be so; he knew that some woman would occupy this exalted position, and so he thought he would just keep the honor in his own family, and his daughter became the goddess

of health, while his two sons became merely physicians. Hygeia knew she was the only one especially fitted for this work. She knew that in the eternal fitness of things she must be at the head of the sanitary science. Was not woman the emblem of purity, and should not this department of medicine be purity itself? Æsculapius knew this, and he gently acquiesced, just as men do today, and permitted the woman to take the more exalted position for which she alone was qualified.

Esther, the beautiful and accomplished Jewish maiden who became the queen of Ahasuerus, king of Persia, nearly five hundred years before Christ, and who managed the king and his court with perfect ease, and outwitted the wicked and designing Haman, is another brilliant example of the superiority of woman.

The Jewish people were in captivity, and it was very desirable that something should happen that would afford them an opportunity to return to their own country,—and something did happen. Vashti, the queen, actually had the impertinence to refuse to obey a command of the king. It was a modest command. The king "when his heart was merry with wine," conceived an idea — a brilliant idea, that of exhibiting the rare beauty of his queen to the drunken rabble of a feast; and he commanded her to be brought out for exhibition, with the crown royal upon her head, that she might be exhibited before his admiring friends, much after the fashion of showing off fine stock at the present time. She refused to be exhibited, and the king and his drunken audience were very wroth, and at once set about considering what should be done

with a woman who had willfully refused to satisfy the gross whim of a drunken husband. It was argued that she must be punished — that it would never do for the statement to go before the world that queen Vashti had ignored even a single command of her lord. "For this deed," said they, "shall come abroad unto all women, so that they shall despise their husbands in their eyes, when it shall be reported that the king commanded Vashti the queen to be brought in before him and she came not." It was advised that royal commandment go out, "that Vashti come no more before king Ahasuerus; and let the king give her royal estate unto another that is better than she." It was done, and the world was made to know that woman in the royal court, and in all the grand empire, of this great civilized nation, had no rights that should be respected by man. She was a mere plaything, or a menial slave in the hands and at the mercy of her lord, and must yield implicit obedience or be cast off in disgrace. If Vashti had been more brilliant she might have sustained her self-respect and her dignity as did her successor. But she failed to do either, and the edict went forth to relieve her of her estate, and to bring a large number of virgins that another queen might be chosen.

Mordecai, Esther's uncle, who was a very brilliant man, saw here an opportunity to free his people. As a rule, men who have taken advantage of great opportunities have been successful. With that great perspicacity characteristic of his race, Mordecai had his beautiful niece, Esther, taken before the king, and she pleased him, and found favor in his sight, and she "obtained favor in the

sight of all them that looked upon her." "And the king loved Esther; and he set the royal crown upon her head and made her queen in place of Vashti."

In those days two of the king's chamberlains sought to lay hands upon the king to kill him. Mordecai, who overheard these fellows, saw another opportunity — an opportunity to bring himself into the king's favor; so he made the most of it, and told Esther what he had heard. Esther, in that resistless and fascinating manner of hers, "certified the king thereof in Mordecai's name. And when inquisition was made of the matter it was found out; therefore they were both hanged upon a tree."

After these things, one Haman, who had by various devices found favor with the king, was promoted above all the princes that were with him. And the king commanded that all his servants should bow and reverence Haman. "But Mordecai bowed not nor did him reverence." When Haman saw this he was full of wrath, and when he learned that Mordecai was a Jew he sought to destroy all the Jews throughout the whole kingdom; and he obtained from this thoughtless king an edict "to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish, all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day, even upon the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, which is the month Adar, and to take the spoil of them for a prey."

You will observe that this edict included the king's beautiful and accomplished wife, queen Esther; for the king did not know that she was a Jewess. When Mordecai learned of Haman's wicked design and of the king's foolish edict, he at once sought an interview with Esther,

and requested her to intercede with the king and to save her people, and herself as well. She informed him that it was an inviolable law to put to death any one who should come unbidden into the presence of the king in the inner court, except such to whom he should hold out the golden scepter, and she had not been called into his presence, she said, these thirty days. After she and her uncle and all the Jews in Shushan had fasted three days, on the third day — in the afternoon, perhaps, it was — Esther, donning her royal apparel, her prettiest looks, and her most fascinating smile, passed boldly into the inner court and actually stood there in the presence of that husband who, she well knew, if displeased would cause her to be put to death. But when he saw the beautiful apparition, he lovingly held out to her the golden scepter; and Esther drew near and touched the top of it. She had acted her part silently; but the lovely charms, the exquisite figure, and the great soul of this beautiful woman were too much for the king, and he was powerless in her presence. He almost went into ecstasies over her rare beauty and the superior intellectuality which shone from her every feature in such profusion as was entirely irresistible; and he told her, so great was his admiration, that whatever she asked should be hers, even to the half of his kingdom. The queen did not ask for half of the kingdom; she did not even ask for money; she only modestly requested the king and Haman to come to a banquet she would prepare for them the next day.

Haman was very joyful and glad of heart because of this invitation by the queen to her banquet, and at once

set about the work of erecting a gallows fifty cubits high on which to hang her uncle, Mordecai, immediately after the banquet. But this little scheme in the pursuit of pleasure resulted in an ignominious failure, as the sequel will disclose. That night the king could not sleep—he was doubtless a neurasthenic, and was troubled with insomnia as a result; so he ordered the book of records brought that he might look over it. There he discovered it written that Mordecai had told of the two men who had sought the king's life; and the king inquired what honor and dignity had been conferred upon this man.

Just at this time it happened that Haman approached the king's court, and the king said, "Let him come in"; and he asked Haman what should be done "unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor." Haman, the foolish fellow, thought the king meant him; so he said, "Let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head: and let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor." And the king commanded Haman to take these things and the horse as he had said and "do even so to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate." This was a bitter dose for Haman; but he had to take it, and he went and did as the king had directed.

Two days later, on the second day of the banquet, the king asked Esther for the request she had to make of him, and she then humbly informed him that her people were all to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. The king was surprised, and inquired who the wicked man was who would dare to do such a thing. Pointing her delicate finger at Haman, she said, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman." And the king commanded that Haman be hanged upon the gallows which he had erected for Mordecai.

Thus this young and inexperienced girl by her superior abilities controlled this very pretentious monarch whose word was law, as easily as if he had been a little child, and also outwitted the egotistic and selfish Haman, and caused him to be hanged upon the scaffold that he himself had prepared for her uncle,—thus demonstrating to the world that she possessed more ability than the king and all his court. The laws of the Medes and Persians being immutable, the edict to destroy the Jews could not be changed; but through the influence of Esther Mordecai was given authority to collect his people together so they could protect themselves, and thus they were saved from slaughter by a woman's wit and power.

But why should I dwell so long upon the merits of one woman when history contains so many brilliant examples of woman's superior abilities? In recording these historical reveries I have passed by great numbers of superior women in the different ages, simply because I could not take the time to point them out. But I must call your attention to a few more, and I invite you to go

with me into the pages of French history and there see the brilliant and indefatigable Joan of Arc — the Maid of Orleans—who saved her country, and caused the dauphin to be crowned at Rheims in less than three months after she took the field.

You see, this young and innocent, but patriotic, girl had doubtless witnessed the incompetence of the leaders of the French troops, who had been defeated from time to time until Orleans was their only stronghold. Joan was undoubtedly acquainted with the political situation, and was greatly impressed by the incompetency of the French leaders, who evidently lacked both ability and courage. She knew that some French lady would have to come to the front and succor these incompetent and helpless generals and their troops and lead them to victory if victories were to be won. She believed in herself— in her ability to save her country; and she favorably impressed the dauphin — this helpless French prince who, in his weakness, recognized the fact that if he were ever to be crowned king of France he must look to some superior power. He knew the men of France never could save the country, and that if it were to be saved it must be done by the women; so he placed the leadership of the French army into the hands of this young girl, in whose abilities he had the greatest confidence. The result justified his belief. On that memorable day in April, 1429, when she placed herself at the head of the army on horseback, dressed in male attire, with a sword and a white banner, the troops were inspired with a belief in her heavenly mission. They knew this young girl possessed the ability

and the courage to lead them on to victory, and they fought with an enthusiasm unequaled in the annals of history. Even her enemies were so impressed by her heroism that they gave way before her advancing army with only a show of resistance. The siege was raised, and victory after victory followed, until, in less than three months, the dauphin was crowned king of France.

She then wanted to retire; but the king had so little confidence in himself and his generals that he would not consent for her to leave the army, which he felt would be helpless without her. She therefore remained and successfully fought many other battles, but was at last captured by the Burgundians and sold to the English—who feared her as a witch—for sixteen thousand francs.

What a splendid record the enemies of this innocent but brilliant young girl made! Too proud to acknowledge her superior merits, they accused her of witchcraft, as the most reasonable excuse they could frame for their intended crime. On this charge they tried her, found her guilty, and actually burned her at the stake, May 30th, 1431. I have no doubt if these same fellows could look upon this cowardly act in the light of the nineteenth century they would be very proud of it indeed—about as proud as their immediate successors would be over the little episode of Faust and the devil.

When carried back in my historical reveries, I see how the representatives of my sex have treated the gentler sex, and I blush for very shame at their cowardly and dastardly acts. If they believed themselves to be so much superior to woman, why did they not give her an equal chance?

If she were weaker than they, why should they be afraid to compete with her on equal grounds? But she was not weaker, and well they knew it. Many times and in divers manners had they been reminded that they of the so-called weaker sex could carry off the laurels whenever they desired to do so; and the strongest weapons of defense known by these self-important fellows was the plea of incompetency, witchcraft, and a hundred other trivial and cowardly excuses, just as men will tell you now, that there is more drunkenness in the absence of saloons—and whisky—than there is when both abound in profusion. God have mercy on their jealous little souls!

In my reveries, my mind reverts to Spain toward the close of the fifteenth century and to a character with whom all the people of this great country are immediately concerned. Washington is known as the father of his country, and we entertain a great respect for him and for his paternal oversight; but the one I wish to point you to is greater than he—she is the mother of this country of ours. She is not only the mother of this country, but of the western world as well; and if it had not been for her good judgment this western hemisphere might even now be a wild and undiscovered country, inhabited only by Indians and the wild animals of the forest and the prairie.

The lady I refer to is Queen Isabella of Spain. See her standing there in her beautiful court surrounded by the king and the great men of her time, not one of whom is able to grasp the importance of the theory which Columbus proposes to test. These men ridicule the idea of land

beyond the sea. With their weak intellects they can only regard the ocean as a broad expanse of water reaching off into space, and somewhere in the far-off distance—a few thousands or millions of miles away—suddenly stopping without a support, without a bank of land to keep it from running into space. Isabella—magnificent woman that she is, stands there pleading and arguing for this undiscovered country with her ignorant lords, to no purpose, until she becomes disgusted with them. She boldly declares her faith in Columbus and in the theory of the earth's globular shape, and emphatically declares her intention to pawn her jewels if money can be raised in no other way; and thus by the sagacity of woman the discovery of the western hemisphere became a possibility.

As we advance in our historical reveries, permit me to point out to you a convent upon a crag of Lebanon, near Sidon, abandoned by the monks because of lack of employment in their peculiar calling. Here in this desert a woman takes up her abode and becomes a benefactress to political refugees and to the poor of every kind, also exerting a remarkable political influence. Lady Hester Stanhope was her name; and she succeeded where men failed—just as many of her sex had done before her, and will continue to do as long as time shall last.

As we hasten on, we see in France another magnificent character, a woman who exerted greater literary and political influence than any man in the land. She was the avowed adversary of the great Napoleon; and when he offered her a bribe of two million francs to espouse his cause she indignantly spurned it, and was banished as a

consequence. Here we learn that this brilliant French lady, Madame de Staël, was more than the equal of man, even of this great general,—perhaps the greatest military man the world has ever known.

Queen Victoria is a living example of the ability of woman, she having enjoyed a peaceful and successful reign of over sixty years,—a reign which has no parallel in the annals of English history. As evidence of her belief in the ability of woman to take an active part in the affairs of the world, she has permitted to become a law a bill which was passed by the Parliament of South Australia, giving the women of that colony a right to vote on equal terms with the men.

Even among the wild and vicious savages of North America we see Pocahontas appeasing the anger of her bloodthirsty father and his tribe, and saving the life of the brave and indefatigable Captain Smith, of the Jamestown colony; thus demonstrating that even amongst savages a woman could cause all the warriors of the tribe to yield to her superior mentality, and to set their captive free.

In literature there are many shining examples of woman's superiority. From among the many poetesses, Sappho, who was born on the island of Lesbos, at Mitylene, about six hundred years before Christ, might be mentioned. She enjoyed a great reputation amongst her people as a poetess; but it seems that she was banished from her home for some unaccountable reason—probably jealousy. Men, in the impurity of their thoughts, did not hesitate, even in the days of Sappho, to defame such women as were ambitious to assume the higher walks of

life, just as ignorant and licentiously inclined men do to-day; for it appears that the wicked-minded comic dramatists of Athens slanderously introduced her into their plays as a courtesan.

To brave the remarks of such fellows requires all the resolution at the command of the modern woman who undertakes to work her way into the learned professions. But in spite of this we have many brilliant examples of woman's excellence in nearly all the honorable vocations, and especially is this the case in literature. Among the many we might mention are George Eliot, Jane Porter, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe did more for the Negroes of our country than any man except the great and patriotic Lincoln. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published by John P. Jewett & Co. of Boston. It had been rejected by numerous publishing houses, and even Mr. Jewett did not recognize its merits; but he decided to risk his wife's judgment, and he took the book home to her and told her he should abide by her decision. She read it through carefully and decided it would sell. It did sell, and edition followed edition until more than three hundred thousand copies had been sold in the United States alone. And thus Mrs. Jewett verified her husband's judgment, and besides rendering his establishment famous was instrumental in giving to the world one of the greatest books it has ever known.

Amongst the many women of America who have distinguished themselves and have taken advanced grounds upon the living issues, Miss Frances E. Willard deserves especial mention, as she has inaugurated a movement in

the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, which is destined to the accomplishment of great things, if not to the utter extermination of the saloon. The fight against saloons, owing to certain conditions, political and otherwise, must be led by women, and their zealous and persistent efforts will, doubtless, eventually be crowned with success; and in the roll of honor which will follow the accomplishment of this great work, the name of Frances E. Willard will lead all the rest.

Mrs. Burnett, in her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has given an inheritance to the children of the world that is perhaps only equaled by the writings of that other magnificent lady, Louisa M. Alcott; and Mrs. Firebaugh, author of "The Physician's Wife," has brought the physicians' wives from the depths of obscurity, and given to them the prominent place in the world they so justly deserve. The physician's wife heretofore had scarcely even been mentioned in literature, and until given prominence by the pen of this eloquent writer, she was as obscure as the physician's husband is today.

Were we to go over the entire domain of medicine we could find no field, in which woman would desire to work, where she could not successfully compete with man, and in some distance him. When we come to think of it, it does seem strange that man in all the past ages of the world has tried to keep woman, with all her graces and natural qualifications, in the background; and it is stranger still to think that he had not rather have had her as an admirable companion in all the indispensable pursuits of life.

In the early history of medicine woman was not known as a general practitioner, but as far back as we have a record, in Jewish and Grecian history, women acted as midwives, and when their calling arose to the dignity of a profession it was said to have been protected by a tutelary divinity. History says that these women appear to have been unlucky in their practice; and at an early period a law was passed in Athens, by the lordly Greeks, who believed in themselves but not in their women, prohibiting females from practicing physic in any of its branches. Now, in my opinion, it was not the actual incompetency of these women so much as it was a desire of their lords to take this branch of medicine into their own hands because there was much money in it,—and reputation. These men did not succeed any better in this department than did their women. History does not say so in so many words, but it implies as much; because if they had made a more brilliant record it would certainly have been mentioned. So we may take it for granted that they did no better, and perhaps not so well as did their female predecessors.

Among the Romans women assisted in confinements; and during the middle ages, amongst the Arabians and Persians much progress was made in obstetrics, which was practiced exclusively by the women, men only being called in as consultants. In Germany, in 1690, Justine Siegemund, court midwife at the electoral court of Brandenburg, became celebrated through her book on midwifery. In the latter part of the last century Madame Lachapelle, a French lady of extraordinary ability, acquired world-wide fame as an obstetrician.

It was not until near the middle of the present century that the coeducation of the sexes in medical colleges was talked of. The first medical college in this country, if not in the world, for women exclusively, was organized in Philadelphia in 1850; the next one, in New York, in 1860; and a second one in the latter city, in 1865. The Women's Medical College of Chicago was organized in 1870; and since then, in rapid succession, medical colleges for women have been organized in many of the cities of the world. It is now possible for women to enter the medical profession on equal terms with men, and as physicians they are cordially received and royally treated by their professional brethren. As students they are as jovial, I am told, as the boys, can sing with as much vim, break as many seats, destroy as much furniture, applaud as loudly, laugh as merrily; and when it comes to passing her up, they do it just about as gracefully and with as much determination as do their compeers of the other side of the house. As practitioners they succeed as well as their brothers, and there is no reason why they should not.

Woman is, then, amply qualified by nature to enter the field of general medicine and assume the rôle and the responsibilities of the general practitioner, or to engage in many of the special lines of work. Bigotry and selfishness and the fear of being distanced in the race for honors are about the only excuses I can think of to offer for my sex for the determined and persistent opposition to its own mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters when they desire to enter some profession so that they may be able to battle for respectable and useful positions in the

world. The idea that a man is more intelligent than his mother, the very being who gave him his existence, or his wife, who is of equal parentage with himself, or his sister, who is of the same parentage as himself, or his daughter, through whose veins his own blood courses, is too absurd for fair-minded, intelligent people to entertain. Be it said, however, to the credit of the medical profession, that it has not shown the determined opposition to the entrance of women into its ranks that has been shown by the members of two other learned professions—the ministerial and the legal. The former has been especially bitter in its opposition, and yet the ministry is supported in a great measure by the earnest and persistent efforts of the gentler sex. There is no reason on earth why women should not enter any of the learned professions, and compete with their brothers for the honors and emoluments. In fact, I believe that a woman should be given such education as will enable her to support herself if it should become necessary; for many a woman is compelled to support not only herself and children, but also a worthless husband.

There is no better mental training than a course of three or four years in some of the learned professions, and especially so in medicine. The mental discipline acquired in the study of medicine is equal to that of mathematics, so exact must be the knowledge in minute anatomy and many of the collateral sciences, and in all its different departments. Then surely it would only be acting in an honorable manner to give to woman an education that would make for her a good living in case she should at any time in life be compelled to depend upon her own

resources. Medicine offers to woman an exceptional opportunity. It is the most learned of the learned professions, and it would adorn woman almost as beautifully as she would adorn it. It offers to her a brilliant career; an opportunity to develop in the most perfect way possible her many graces, elegancies of manner and of conversation. The ideal doctor should possess a fair knowledge of language; and who would venture to say that woman could not hold her own in this department? Who would dare to assert that as a linguist woman is not man's superior? Who would have the audacity to proclaim that man ever has or ever can be a match for her in this desirable accomplishment?

It does seem unreasonable indeed that these privileges should be withheld from woman. Even the aforesaid worthless husband will set himself up in a dignified manner and talk of the "inferiority" even of that very indulgent and incomparably intelligent being upon whom he depends for support. She ought to let him starve, but she doesn't. Strange as it may seem, she permits him to live and to share with her her hard-earned livelihood, while he, with all the arrogance of his nature, struts about and actually discourses upon the inferiority of her sex. He is not even willing to allow her a professional education so that she might support him without that eternal and inhuman struggle for bread she is compelled to make from day to day.

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —

Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'

'O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

'But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

'O! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

'O! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart,
  But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
  Hinders needle and thread!'"

And this is the woman about whose inferiority her worthless husband discourses — the woman who must refrain from shedding tears because of their hindering her work. She dare not even take "one short hour" of rest, but must continue the eternal drudgery that her wise and superior counterpart may sustain the dignity of his sex.

Chapter IX

The Woman Doctor

"I HAVE often remarked," says the doctor when next you meet him, "on my faith in the ability of women to compete with men in the intellectual pursuits of life, as well as in all the respectable avocations that might be mentioned. And I believe," he adds, laughing, "that I have sometimes been tempted to dilate upon the many illustrious examples of woman's superior merits."

You give your friend a quizzical look, and are about to make some remark, when he continues:

"Today, if you will accompany me, you shall have the privilege of observing a woman at work in her profession, and an opportunity of judging of her ability as compared with man; for I have been called to a consultation with Doctor Smith in a severe case which she now has on her hands."

At this juncture you observe a very intelligent-looking lady advancing toward you. She extends her hand to the doctor, who cordially salutes her and introduces her as Doctor Smith. She is a very bright woman, medium-sized, with dark hair and eyes, is neatly and plainly dressed, and is evidently well educated. As she talks of her little patient, just around the corner, you are surprised at her great display of professional enthusiasm, and especially at her manifest interest in the little sufferer. She says he is very sick and that she must not let him die.



" A lady advancing toward you."

"He has been sick for several days and is now nearing the crisis," she says, "and I must give him back to his parents if possible. I have become so much interested in the child and his parents that I feel that he must be saved if anything I can do will accomplish it."

"Let us proceed at once."

You find yourself already becoming interested, for enthusiasm and anxiety are contagious, and you really hope for her sake, and the patient's as well, that the child will be better when you arrive. You enter the sick room, and after a brief inspection she invites the doctor to examine the patient. He does so very carefully; they then retire, and after a short consultation return. The doctor informs the anxious parents that Doctor Smith is doing all that can be done; that she is managing the case skillfully, and will, he hopes, be able to save their child; and that if it is in the power of human hands to save, the child will certainly recover. He urges them to follow her directions implicitly, and states that if they do so he has great faith in the favorable termination of the case. He then retires, and, by request of this lady physician, you remain.

"I may need your help," she says. "This little patient will have a hard struggle, and everything must be done for him that can be done. I shall stay with him; and if he lives through the night I shall be very hopeful, for I believe the crisis is near at hand."

She advises the parents to retire early and get some much needed rest, and says she will call them if there is a change for the worse.

You are soon left alone with the little sufferer,—you and the doctor;—and while she is preparing a poultice with just a little mustard in it, you are invited to cool his head with water, for he has a very high fever, his head is hot, and he is tossing about in his delirium entirely unable to rest even for a moment. The draught is soon made and placed over the patient's lungs and covered with oil silk. The doctor now takes her place at the bedside. She counts the child's pulse and respirations, gives some medicine, and as the little one's toes are somewhat cool, she invites you to watch a few minutes while she puts some warm applications to his feet. She is again at the bedside, and is now giving a tepid sponge bath; she constantly applies cold water to his head, and again counts his pulse and takes his temperature.

Presently the child falls into a doze, but soon awakes. She gives him another bath, renews the cold applications, and administers medicine to quiet his nerves, for he is very restless. The child dozes for a short time. Again she has recourse to the bath, giving at the same time some nourishment, and the little one is soon in a gentle slumber.

It is nearing midnight, and you can see that the doctor is anxious. You admire her for her earnestness and her determination to save the life of the child. She seems like a good angel in this household, endeavoring to restore their babe. She is again at work, and after each dose of medicine and each bath the patient becomes quieter—very little quieter, it is true, but you are sure he sleeps longer, and you think his respirations are not quite so

jerky and rapid. A little past midnight he falls into a quiet slumber which lasts for nearly an hour. The doctor again administers medicine, but does not use the sponge this time, allowing the child instead to lapse into a gentle sleep. She watches him anxiously for an hour or more, feels his pulse, counts his respirations, and, as she lightly steps across the room, informs you that the crisis has past.

"The baby," she says, "will live. What gladsome tidings I shall now be able to convey to its anxious parents! Here is about all the glory there is in practicing medicine, and it is enough. This night's triumph over disease is worth more to me than gold. Gold is essential in purchasing the necessaries of life, but such achievements as this are the real recompense for the great responsibilities and anxieties of the physician. They cannot be paid for with gold. The result of this night's work, the grateful appreciation of these anxious parents, and my own consciousness of duty well performed, is my greatest reward. There will be great but silent rejoicing here when I awake the parents and tell them their babe will live; and I shall exult and be almost as happy as they."

It is nearly day. The doctor quietly calls the parents, and as the distracted mother springs from the bed with her eyes only half open she inquires if her child is still living.

"Hush!" says the doctor; "baby is sleeping soundly and must not be disturbed. He is much better, and, if no unforeseen accident happens, he will surely recover."

As the mother gradually comes to realize that her child

is better and will almost certainly live, she lifts her eyes to heaven, and amid a flow of tears she thanks the Great Physician, and also sends up a petition in behalf of her worthy and skillful doctor.

But here we will draw the curtain, for such scenes are too sacred for the outside world to look upon. You and the doctor retire, and you are more than ever impressed with a belief in the natural qualifications of the woman doctor.

As you walk along, the doctor chats enthusiastically about her profession and tells you of the great work that is being done for women by the women's medical colleges of the country. She talks of the special adaptability of her sex for certain lines of practice.

"Would you believe me?" she says, "the woman doctor succeeds admirably as a surgeon; and if you will go with me this morning I will give you an opportunity to witness an operation by a lady surgeon who has made for herself an enviable reputation. She makes a specialty of the diseases peculiar to her sex, and as an operator has become quite expert. She is the only lady physician in our town except myself. We are the best of friends, and I frequently assist her in her surgical work. I am sure she would be pleased to have you witness the operation this morning if you desire to do so."

You accept the invitation, and at the appointed time appear at the operating room and are admitted by the lady doctor. The room and fixtures are much the same as you have seen before. Three or four physicians who

have been invited to witness the operation or to act as assistants, a medical student or two, and your old friend Doctor Jones are there. You observe that all who are to take part in the operation, both men and women, have on their white gowns. There is an operating table, a stand and basins, antiseptic gauze, sponges, and an abundance of cotton. The douche is also in its place ready for use. The room has the same ethereal odor and the same oppressive atmosphere, characteristics of such rooms and of such scenes.

The patient, who is already under the influence of the anæsthetic, is a rather fine-looking young woman some twenty-eight or thirty years of age. Her life has been rendered miserable by an inflammatory disease of the abdominal cavity; and it is for the cure of this that she has decided to brave the dangers of an operation — which, if successful, will restore her health — rather than continue to live and suffer.

As you see the surgeon preparing for her important work by disinfecting her hands and arms, which are much whiter and softer than those of the male surgeon — such hands and arms, you imagine, as were made expressly for the delicate task they are about to perform, — and giving some directions to the nurse, you no longer — if you ever did — doubt her ability to successfully do the work that is before her.

She takes her scalpel, and with one bold stroke she opens the integument for a distance of a few inches, and cuts deeply into the subcutaneous tissues. She now works carefully until she has opened the abdominal cavity.

She introduces one of her delicate fingers and makes an exploration and finds that the parts she wishes to remove are bound down and immovably fixed by adhesions. She must enlarge the opening so she will have more room. This done, she again carefully examines the diseased tissues, and finds the inflammatory products to be even more extensive than she had anticipated. It now becomes evident that she has a difficult and dangerous task before her. She does not become excited or lose her self control. She realizes that she has an immense responsibility resting upon her, but she gives not down under its weight. She understands that the patient's life is now in her hands, and that a mistake on her part or the least slip of the knife might prove fatal. You watch her with eagerness, for you are already interested in the result, and you observe that every one present has the same anxious, earnest look.

The lady physician and your friend the doctor you observe are also anxiously looking and assisting, and you imagine that they occasionally cast a furtive glance at each other. They are both on the same side of the table, and it occurs to you that they are both unmarried, and you think — even in your great anxiety for this patient and her fair surgeon, what a brilliant and congenial pair they would make. Both are very intelligent; both are well educated; both belong to the same great and learned profession. They could be in full sympathy with each other, and lighten the weight of their responsibilities, and could assist each other in their arduous work. And you actually find yourself speculating upon the possible union

of two such congenial spirits. You are sure that their near association in this dangerous operation is, to say the least, possessed of no elements of incompatibility.

But why speculate upon such possibilities in the presence of such a scene as this? You again observe the surgeon in her delicate task. You notice that her fingers do not tremble; but you cannot tell about her voice, for she does not speak except to call for a sponge now and then. She works with a determination you have scarcely seen before. Her features are fixed, and the only expression you can see is one of dogged determination — determination to succeed, to save the patient's life and health. She has to some extent that stoical appearance which woman alone can successfully assume when under great trials. She continues in silence, now using her scalpel, then her fingers. Her knowledge of anatomy is accurate, and it does not desert her. She gently separates the tissues with her delicate fingers; makes a few careful cuts with the knife; calls for forceps, for she has cut a blood vessel. She does not perspire so freely as you have seen another do under similar circumstances, and the towel is not brought into service so often; but it is, nevertheless, used occasionally, for there are some large drops of sweat upon her fair face. She continues her work with the same determined expression, occasionally calling for a sponge or for the forceps. Now she calls for a ligature. Her progress is very slow, for there is great danger, and she is evidently determined to do no injury if she can possibly avoid it. She works more carefully than ever, now separating the diseased tissues with her fingers; now

carefully using her scalpel, and sometimes even separating the tissues with the handle of her knife, so great is the danger. More sponges are called for, and more forceps. She works persistently, and the towel is used to remove the perspiration from her face just a little more frequently than before, but her fingers do not tremble. She evidently has faith in her ability.

Although you have nothing to do but look on, you are already finding yourself beginning to tire. You cast a glance at your friend and Doctor Smith, and find them only intent upon the task assigned them. You admire them the more, and think again what a suitable matrimonial pair they would make.

The surgeon now calls for a ligature, for she has at last separated the diseased part and is now ready to tie it off. She passes a blunt needle with its strong double thread of silk, and by the aid of her assistants the ligature is tied in both directions so tightly that there can be no possibility of its slipping. The diseased parts being gently removed, the dangers of the operation are over. She now carefully examines the wound to see that hemorrhage is checked, and after all the blood has been removed by the sponges she prepares to close the abdominal opening. She does not perspire so freely now, and the determined expression upon her features and the stoical look have almost disappeared. She evinces calm satisfaction over the result of the operation, which she is almost certain now will be a success. All feel relieved. The faces of the doctors assume an expression of satisfaction, but only for a moment, for there is more work to be done. A

large flat sponge is placed within the abdomen to catch any blood that might flow from the stitch holes, and to prevent the danger of wounding the abdominal viscera. Stitches are now introduced preparatory to closing the wound; sponges are counted to be sure there are none left within; the large sponge is removed; the stitches are tied; the wound is cleansed, sprinkled with iodoform, covered well with several layers of gauze and absorbent cotton; a bandage is applied over all; and one of the most dangerous operations in surgery has been successfully terminated.

All retire and leave the patient in charge of her admirable surgeon and the nurse. The doctor and the lady physician, you observe, pass out together, and you feel sure there is a congeniality existing between them which brings them nearer together than professional friendship. You take your leave of them thinking only of the scenes you have so recently witnessed.

Chapter X

The General Practitioner

WHO is there in the world that does not admire Abou Ben Adhem when he said to his angelic visitor, "Set me down as one who loves his fellow men"? Now, I will show you a greater than he—a man who not only loves his fellow men, but who wears his life away in their service; a man who undergoes more hardships and privations for the benefit of humanity, and who does more for mankind for humanity's sake than most other men; who silently tolerates more abuse and whose praise is sung by more people than any other man; who exposes himself and braves storms, loses more sleep, and assumes greater responsibilities than almost any other man; and does it all because he believes it to be his duty. He even risks his life in various ways for the benefit of his fellow men. He does it all without a murmur, and very frequently his consciousness of duty well performed is the only pay he gets. This man who immolates himself upon the altar of humanity is the general practitioner, he who occupies the entire domain of medicine and is the embodiment of all that has been said in the foregoing pages. He is a specialist in all lines of practice. He is surgeon, gynæcologist, obstetrician, neurologist, alienist, oculist, bacteriologist, and sanitarian; in fact, his work covers the entire domain

of medicine, and it is astonishing how well he succeeds in all the different lines of practice.

When the general practitioner is referred to in these pages, I want it distinctly understood that the goodly number of women who adorn the medical profession are always included. If it were not for the poverty of the English language, a word might be found that could be understood to be of either the masculine or feminine gender and to include both sexes. After thinking for some time in vain, I have given up the task of trying to coin such a word; but perhaps some of my lady friends, who are better linguists than I, may be able to supply the deficiency. For a short time the doctor shall disappear from sight, for he is very busy, and has given you as much of his time as he can spare from his many patients just at present; and as he is too modest to sing his own praises, I shall improve the present opportunity and sing them for him.

In his practice he succeeded beyond all expectations, and soon had an excellent business and a competency. He had many trials and hardships to undergo in his early career, and, as if he had not suffered enough, his good wife was taken from him by that dread disease, consumption. His children having arrived at an age when they required better advantages and better schools, he very reluctantly left the scenes of his early manhood and moved to a larger town. Here he met the lady doctor to whom he introduced you. She was an old acquaintance, they having both been raised in the country near the little village where he first practiced. She had been a close friend

of the wife whom he had lost, and he the friend of her husband, who was also a physician, and who had been dead for several years. He died when they had been scarcely two years married, and left her with one child, a boy who is now almost grown and is being carefully educated for that profession to which his parents belonged. At the time of her husband's death, she was not a physician; but she at once took up the study of medicine, for which she had a special liking, as she saw in it a possible means of support for herself and child. Graduating with honors, she at once entered upon a lucrative practice and was soon regarded as one of the leading physicians of her town. The doctor had admired her when a child. She had been carefully educated, and was the favorite of all the young people of her neighborhood, who seemed to think it strange that she, who was the possessor of such superior accomplishments, was so kind and condescending to every one, especially to the poor.

The doctor's history was somewhat similar. It seems that he had been a favorite amongst the young people of his neighborhood when a boy, but had not the same early advantages as she. He had been compelled, through some reverses of his father, to work his own way in the world, and had had some very bitter experiences; but he had at last overcome all difficulties. His wife, when a little girl, had been the confidential friend of this lady doctor, and of the lady doctor's husband as well.

Time and circumstances had separated these amicable people, but after all these years the two remaining ones, who were still comparatively young, were brought to-

gether in this peculiar way, both prominent members of the same profession and both practicing in the same little city. It is no wonder, then, that they seem to be such friends, and, as you have imagined, more than friends. Each of them is very busy now, for there is an unusual amount of sickness.

These two members of this great profession are now presented to you as typical representatives of the general practitioner. In my reveries I shall look into the domain of general medicine, and if you will go with me I will there show you some of the work of the general practitioner.

As we enter this field you look and you see an innumerable company, afflicted with all manner of disease. Some have malarial fever; others have pneumonia, typhoid fever, rheumatism, or gout; some have inflammation of the spine; others, inflammation of the brain. Many are getting well, but occasionally you see one who is in the throes of death. At such times the doctor, when he can no longer hope to save life, gives something to relieve, even at the time of death.

Here you see a little group of patients with only a solitary nurse to minister to their wants; and here you see your old friends the doctor and the lady doctor in the midst, hard at work. They work side by side, and occasionally you see them in consultation. When you draw near, you learn that these patients have the small-pox and that their friends are not permitted under any circumstances to come near them. They have been isolated: nevertheless you see the general practitioner,

both male and female, in the midst of these people afflicted with this loathsome and contagious disease, as if defying it. "Do not the doctors have some special means of protecting themselves against this contagion?" you ask. No protection except that afforded by vaccination, which is enough, as a rule, if properly done; but these doctors would be there just the same if they were not protected in any way. You will also observe that these physicians are doing all they can to prevent the spread of this disease, and from the earnest manner in which they are working you are sure they will succeed. They will succeed—and that, too, with but little trouble—if they can control the people. Here they will meet with difficulties, but they will overcome them and eradicate the disease within a few days. The good people of their town will hardly give a thought to the dangers to which the physicians have been exposed, and yet the doctors have stood heroically between them and death. With one hand they have held the grim monster back, and with the other have rescued the ones already in his clutches. You look at these two physicians and admire them more than ever; and as you look you feel certain that the hard work and the dangers to which they are exposed are strengthening the ties which you believe are destined to bring them together.

You look again, and here is another group of patients, and some more earnest, hard-working doctors. You inquire what it all means, for here you see in a densely populated part of a great city people falling sick by the hundreds, and dying faster than they can be buried.

"Surely," you say, "these self-sacrificing physicians cannot be expected to expose themselves to this sweeping destroyer of human life"; but you look again, and there in the midst are the general practitioners on their errands of mercy. Many of these people will get well, and others will be greatly relieved by the physicians, some of whom will give up their own lives in their fight for the lives of their patients. "Can they check the spread of this epidemic?" you ask. Certainly. And if these people had not been so ignorant and so obstinate, and had taken this matter in hand in the beginning, this disease would never have gotten the start it has. But now, after a large number of people have perished, the others, through fear of the disease, will do about as the doctors want them to, and the disease will be eradicated in a short time. The cholera microbes do not exist in great numbers, except in the discharges, and they can be destroyed and the disease controlled. So long as you keep these little microorganisms on the outside of you there is no danger of contracting the disease. This can be done if the hands are kept clean, and you do not eat or drink anything that has been contaminated. These doctors, however, are in great danger, but not many of them will take the disease, so carefully will they guard against it. It does look sometimes as if the doctor might be protected by some unseen hand; but that unseen hand is probably duty and bravery and an intelligent application of antiseptics. Be that as it may, when you turn from this dreadful scene you are more than ever impressed with a knowledge of the danger which the general practitioner unhesitatingly faces.

You look again, and here you see great numbers of wounded and crippled people who have met with accidents, or who have otherwise been injured, and you observe that these people, in the absence of the surgeon, are being treated by the general practitioner. Nearly all of them will get well; many will recover completely; others will have only fairly useful limbs. Some of them will have a limb amputated and be well in a few days, so brilliant are the results obtained by the general practitioner.

Now, after you have seen these physicians so earnestly and so carefully and so anxiously working to restore these people to health, you will be surprised when I tell you that some of these patients will be dissatisfied and will want damages for bad results for which they themselves are responsible. If the fact could be known, the dressing had been removed or changed, or left off altogether, and against the doctor's orders. A crooked limb is the result, and damages are claimed. I have known a few such cases, but fortunately these people do not often receive sufficient encouragement to institute proceedings in court. Damages can only be recovered when great carelessness on the part of the physician can be shown; but you are sure, from what you have seen of these general practitioners, that they are not careless.

You are now tired of such scenes. You have seen enough to give you an idea of the responsible and dangerous and arduous work of the general practitioner.

Here comes your old friend the doctor. As he advances, he reaches out his hand and says he is glad to see

you. After the salutation you inform him that you have been very much interested in looking over his field of work, and that you have seen him and the lady doctor busily engaged in the smallpox epidemic, and that you admired them for their devotion to their dangerous duties. You then inform him that you have been looking over some surgical work that was being done by the general practitioner, and you express your surprise at the fact that some of these people should try to collect damages from their doctors for results for which they themselves should be held responsible. You express the opinion that if any damages are to be paid they should be paid by these patients to their doctors for interfering with their work—removing, dressing, etc., against the doctors' orders—and for possible injury to their reputations.

"That reminds me," says the doctor, "of a case I have in hand, and which I have not had the time to look after."

Just here the lady doctor comes up.

"I am on an errand of mercy," she says, "to see some very poor people who are in great distress. Two of their children are very sick, and the mother and the only daughter, who is large enough to work, have been unable to obtain employment. Their rents are due, and they are in a half-starved condition. I have here some things to relieve their immediate wants, and have ordered provisions sent sufficient to sustain them for a few days, and shall, if I cannot prevail upon their landlord to give them time, pay their rent for them. But do not let me encroach upon your time, Doctor," she says.

As she is about to go the doctor requests her to wait a moment.

"I was just relating a little experience of mine which occurred recently. You are probably aware that I treated Mrs. Squirms for a broken arm a short time ago, and when I presented my bill to her husband he absolutely refused to pay it. He said the result was bad, and that if I undertook to collect it he would make a malpractice suit out of it. He is a little dried up, weazen-faced miser on a small scale, with black hair and a squeaky voice. His wife is just the opposite, with red hair, wicked-looking eyes, and an extremely long tongue. Her forearm had been broken or dislocated, or both, once before, and the motion, she said, was much impaired. When I tried to replace the head of the bone, she said it was of no use, for it had been that way for years; but I succeeded in getting her arm into fairly good shape, and I saw it a few days subsequently. Later on, when I saw it again, it was in not quite so good condition. She informed me that she had taken the dressing off, but could not get it back quite as good as it was. I dressed it again, and a few days later a physician who was a friend of mine told me that she had removed the dressing and left it off. I was not much surprised at this, but in spite of her interference the result is fairly good. The secret of it all is that they want to get rid of paying the bill, and are unscrupulous enough to do it at my expense."

Turning to you, the doctor says, "I give this as an example of how things go. If such people could only know how much the doctors worry about these broken

limbs, and how anxious they are to get good results, they would not talk so much of malpractice, and would give the doctors better treatment than most of them receive."

"That reminds me," says the lady doctor, "that this same woman came to me with her arm several days—weeks, perhaps—after she had sustained the first injury, but it had been so long that nothing could be done; the motion of the arm was somewhat impaired, the lateral ligament had been ruptured, and the head of the ulna was out of its place, as a result of a fracture just above the wrist. If you need my testimony in this case, I shall be ready at any time to give it."

"There is not much danger of that," says the doctor, "as these people aways count the cost."

The lady doctor now takes her leave, and, no doubt, besides giving her time she will spend several dollars of her hard-earned money for the relief of these poor people she has told about.

"The real danger of malpractice suits," says the doctor, "is from people who have nothing to lose and everything to gain. They can nearly always find a lawyer who will take the case for half he can get out of it; but let it be said for the better element of the legal profession, they will not do such things unless they are sure the doctor is guilty of the grossest ignorance or neglect. The members of the legal profession are really the friends of all good careful physicians, and ready to help them whenever it becomes necessary. The lawyer who would destroy the reputation of a physician just for the sake of a few dollars and a little cheap reputation is too low down in the scale

of humanity to even be mentioned by honest people. By the way, our county medical society meets this evening, and if you have the time and the inclination I would be glad to have you there, so you can see something of the good work our society is doing. But wait; as I am going your way, we can talk as we go along."

After walking a few moments in silence, the doctor continues: "It is strange what peculiar ideas some people have in regard to the work of medical societies. Would you believe me? many well-informed people believe medical organizations to be medical trusts, organized for the special purpose of fleecing the people. Only a few days ago I heard a man say that he had intended to employ a certain physician, but since he had joined the medical trust he would have nothing to do with him, as he was now no better than the rest of them. Why! that doctor joined the society so he would be able to render more efficient service to his patients. He joined it so he could talk up his difficult cases with his medical friends and get their views in addition to his own. This society does not consider the financial interests of the profession; neither does any other society — unless it be in the way of making better physicians of themselves. If that is to their financial interest, then they may be considered to be looking after the money question. Each local society usually adopts a fee bill when it is organized, merely for the guidance of its members in making their charges; but they are not bound absolutely by it. Variations are made according to the environments of the patients, the amount of work the physician has to do, and

the responsibility he has to shoulder. The larger societies, such as state or district, have no fee bills, and have nothing whatever to do with financial questions. Their work is strictly scientific, and is all done for the benefit of the people, or, which is equivalent, for the scientific advancement of the profession. State medicine is sometimes considered by these societies, and also by the local societies; but state medicine is always in the interests of the people very much more than it is in the interests of the medical profession. You may say that state medicine shuts out quacks and incompetent doctors, and indirectly gives the better class of physicians more to do. That is true in a degree; but the places of incompetent doctors are taken by competent ones, and no advantage accrues to any one except the people. Medicine being a liberal and a learned profession, it always will be attractive enough to cause the best talent in the world to come into its ranks. Medical societies are the life of the profession, and more inspiration for scientific work comes from them, perhaps, than from any other source. It is the wide-awake physicians that take a lively interest in society work, and they are the ones who are up to date. But here we must part for the present, and I shall expect to see you at the society tonight."

You take your leave, meditating upon the magnanimity of the general practitioner and the splendid work he is doing in the world. Promptly at the appointed time you arrive at the place of meeting of the society. Finding the door open, you pass in. A number of physicians are already there, many of whom you have met

before. The lady surgeon is there, talking enthusiastically of some recent operation. Neither the doctor nor the lady doctor have yet arrived, but in a very short time the doctor comes in with a disappointed look upon his face. You suspect that he came around by way of the lady doctor's residence, only to learn that she was not in—had a sudden call, perhaps,—and the disappointed doctor had to make his way to the place of meeting alone. The lady doctor is secretary of the society, and the doctor is its president.

"We will wait a short time for the secretary," he says, and then turns and chats pleasantly with some of the physicians present.

It becomes apparent to you that the social features of these meetings cause much of this fraternal spirit; and you feel certain that the physicians of this county and of this little city are above the mean jealousies and outrageous conduct which you have often observed in localities where there were no medical organizations, and that thus working together they are capable of doing much more efficient work than if each one worked exclusively for self.

While you are busy with these thoughts, the lady doctor comes hurriedly down the aisle, half out of breath and with a bright flush upon her cheeks. The house is now called to order, and after the usual preliminaries the business of the evening is at once entered upon. The first paper of the evening is by the lady doctor upon "The Present Smallpox Epidemic in our City." She gives a brief history of the epidemic—how it had broken

out, how it had spread, the difficulties which had been encountered in enforcing vaccination (for she is one of the health officers) and in isolating the patients, and many other things relating to the management of the epidemic and the treatment given those who had the disease. "The epidemic," she says, "is now absolutely under control, and there will be no new cases." Her report is enthusiastically received, and the paper extensively discussed, and you feel sure that all has been said that can be in the way of managing and treating this loathsome affection. You feel a real pity for the few thoughtless doctors of the county who do not belong to this society and who do not avail themselves of the privilege of meeting and discussing their difficulties with these talented people.

Several other papers are read upon the different diseases prevailing in the city. All are enthusiastically discussed, and every physician knows just what every other one knows in regard to the various forms of sickness prevalent in the county, and just what has proven to be the most successful treatment. The lady surgeon exhibits some interesting pathological specimens, which are closely scrutinized and discussed by all the members.

The president inquires if there is any other business, and a keen-eyed little fellow who has not said much during the evening arises and says he would like to offer a few remarks if there is no objection. The president informs him that he has the floor. He gives a short talk on medical fraternism, which is about as follows:

"It was my lot in my early career to be located where there was no medical society of any kind. The doctors were continually having trouble, and it seemed that in spite of all I could do I would occasionally have trouble myself with some of my competitors. It seemed that I was continually being misunderstood, and my actions misinterpreted, and that I was misinterpreting the actions of others. We became the laughing-stock of the community, and it was said that the doctors were the most jealous set of men on earth. I really became disgusted with my profession. I tried to organize a county society, but could not get enough together to act as officers. I hardly knew what was the matter. My surroundings became repugnant to me, and I left the place, and located here in this beautiful little city, where medical fraternism prevails. I have found the physicians here courteous and gentlemanly, and I have learned to have the greatest respect for them and also for our lady doctors, who have in a professional way given me the fairest possible treatment. I have learned a great lesson since I came among you; namely, that thorough organization of physicians, and the resulting social advantages, are the only means by which we can overcome the petty jealousies which come only from the author of confusion, which can only be combated by a united effort, and which are entirely beneath the dignity of our calling. I congratulate you, ladies and gentlemen, upon your success in this line, and I congratulate myself upon my good fortune in selecting a location in your midst. I have been a member of this society scarcely a year, and yet I

feel that the dignity of my profession is a hundred times greater than it was, and that I am a much better man and more learned. I can now see the grandeur of our profession, which I was unable to see until I became a member of this society."

As he takes his seat he is applauded again and again. The society adjourns, and the doctor and the lady doctor walk out together. You can now see the value and the beauties of medical society work as you have never seen them before.

Chapter XI

Doctor Crook

EARLY the next morning you again meet the doctor, and he invites you to go with him to see some patients several miles in the country. You accept the invitation, and as you ride along admiring the scenery the doctor refers to the society meeting of the previous evening, and talks enthusiastically of medical societies in general. He tells you of the code of ethics of the American Medical Association, which, he says, is recognized by regular medical societies, and is, or should be, observed by all regular physicians.

"The real spirit of the code," he says, "is observed by all honorable physicians, but there are some who are sticklers for it, who totally ignore it in their dealings with their fellow workers. A full compliance with the spirit of the code would cause every one to do the right thing under all circumstances; but, unfortunately, its spirit can be easily violated and still keep within the letter. This, however, is seldom done in our city, and it is not nearly so often done anywhere now as it was years ago when medical organizations were few and far between."

"How long has the code of ethics been in existence?"

"Since the organization of the American Medical Association, fifty years ago; but there is an unwritten code which is now observed by gentlemen and ladies of all schools of practice. I remember a consultation

which occurred in the family of one of my relatives when I was a boy and which greatly impressed me at the time. The patient was attended by a regular physician. He was doing all he could for the little sufferer, who was very low, having just about passed the climax of the disease. The parents were anxious, and desired a consultation. The doctor gave his consent, and an irregular, a botanic doctor, was called in. He was a large man about sixty years of age, a very pugilistic fellow in a professional way, eternally pounding the members of the regular profession by saying all kinds of mean things about them. The doctor in attendance, for some unaccountable reason, consented to meet this old blunderbuss in consultation. When they came together in the sick room, and the old doctor had examined the patient, and in all probability found the child improving, he inquired of the attending physician, in the presence of the family, what he had been doing for the patient. The doctor told him. He looked at the physician with an air of superiority and surprise; then in the most sarcastic tones he said, 'Doctor, there is only one of two things I can say of you for giving this patient such treatment as you have described: you are either a fool or a knave.' Here the consultation ended. The doctor quietly left the room, and left the patient in the hands of the pretentious old monster. The parents of that child believe to this day that this self-important old crusher actually saved the life of their child. Strange as it may seem, that old doctor is still living."

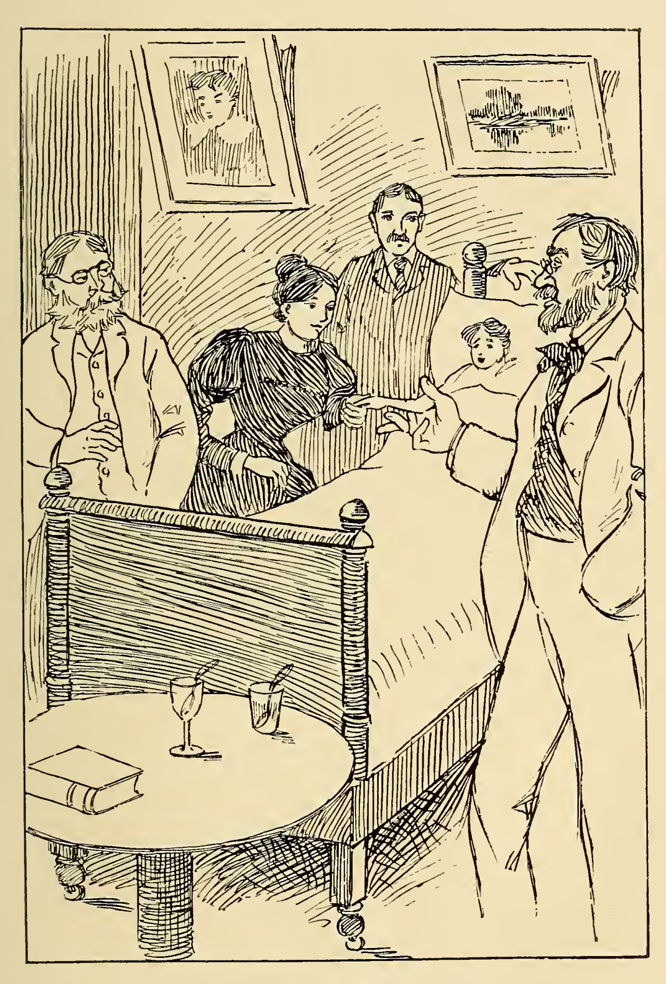
"The botanic physicians do not consider themselves bound by the code of ethics, do they?"

"They did not at the time referred to. In those days medicine had not attained to the dignity it sustains at the present time, and the code of ethics had hardly been heard of in the rural districts. Later, on the recommendation of some of their leading men, many of them came to observe the code of ethics adopted by the regular profession. The question of ethics is one of education, and it takes time to thoroughly educate physicians and the people in regard to the relations they sustain to each other, and to teach them their whole duty to one another. Their actions must be measured by justice, which, unfortunately, is not an element in the nature of some people."

"Then, as I understand you, the spirit of the code is occasionally overridden."

"Yes, but not nearly so often as in former times. The black arts will continue to be practiced, however, by some of the members of this learned profession for all time to come. The ways of the charlatan are devious and full oı cunning. They are resolved to be cunning; let others run the hazard of being sincere. I believe I have the advertisement of one Doctor Crook, who visits our town at regular intervals, and who carries off almost as much money as a first-class circus. He is a graduate of a medical college, and the state board of health actually allows him to continue his nefarious practice, which, to say the least, is certainly sufficiently unprofessional to give good and potent reasons for revoking his certificate."

You are now well beyond the outskirts of the city and driving along a quiet country road. Passing you the reins for a moment, the doctor takes from his pocket a local paper. and reads:



“ You are either a fool or a knave.”

"Doctor Crook, formerly of New York city, now of Chicago, is coming! Miracles in medicine! Monstrous tumors melt away! The lame throw away their crutches and walk! Cancer, consumption, and chronic troubles cured in a mysterious manner!"

After more in the same strain there follows a long list of testimonials, amongst which the doctor reads the following:

"About a year ago I visited Doctor Crook. I was then helpless, in a paralyzed condition. Went on crutches whenever I went out. A terrible tumor increased my already abnormal size rapidly. I measured over four and one half feet around the waist, and over four feet from hip to hip. The disease had settled in one limb, and I had no use of it. Was also fast losing my eyesight. My nerves were shattered, and I had no memory. Not one of my friends thought I could be helped. The physicians had given me up as incurable. Doctor Crook had told me my troubles without asking me a question or how they came upon me. I took a course of treatment under him, and, thank God! I am today a well woman. Look, look at me—tumor gone, natural size, sight restored, memory good, nerves like iron, no crutches. I can walk for a mile and not feel tired. I believe Doctor Crook to be the greatest man of this age. He is a marvel—a giant in his work. Several of my acquaintances he has cured in the same way. The people of my town speak of this cure as wonderful and miraculous."

"This," says the doctor, "is only one of the many incredible testimonials published by this man. Strange as it may seem, they are believed by many people; and when he was last here he did a thriving business for several months and took hundreds of dollars out of our county. How people could give credence to such transparently fraudulent statements is a mystery to me; it is a psychological phenomenon for which I have never been

able to find an explanation. For the sake of diversion, as we drive along, suppose we briefly analyze some of the statements made."

You readily fall in with your friend's suggestion, as his talks are always entertaining, and this is a subject which has not before been brought up in your conversations. After you have glanced at the paper, which the doctor hands to you as he resumes the reins, he continues:

"She first states: 'I visited Doctor Crook. I was then helpless'; but she visited him in her helpless condition when she was entirely unable to move hand or foot. She next states that she was in a paralyzed condition, which is equivalent to being helpless, and she follows this with the wonderful and paradoxical statement that in her helpless and paralyzed condition she went on crutches. She then makes the surprising statement that she was four and one half feet around the waist and four feet from hip to hip; and yet she was able to carry these immense dimensions on a pair of crutches, when she was helpless and paralyzed, all the way to the office of this wonderful physician. It may be a mystery how she could get this four feet diameter of hers through a two feet ten inch door in leaving her home to make this visit or in entering through the door of the doctor's office. It is a difficult problem, I am sure, for ordinary mortals; but for one used to performing miracles, as this doctor was, I presume it would be easily enough solved. I could think of no other way than that of having doors made expressly for the purpose; but this doctor, knowing

her condition, as he no doubt did, before he saw her, probably sent her some of his wonderful size-reducing remedies, and immediately reduced her proportions to the width of an ordinary door. She was thus, in her helpless and paralyzed condition, enabled to walk on crutches to the office of this paragon of physicians. One limb, she says, she had no use of, and as the other one was paralyzed and helpless she surely had but little use of that."

You cannot restrain your laughter at the ludicrous picture. There is a merry twinkle in the doctor's eye as he gravely continues:

"'I was fast losing my eyesight,' she says. What a difficult task it must have been for her to make this visit to her doctor in her helpless, paralyzed, and blind condition! She must have had a difficult walk, indeed. And to think of her nerves being 'shattered,' as she states, calls out for her your entire sympathies, as you see her dragging her helpless and paralyzed limbs along in the darkness, with her nerves shattered and entirely incapacitated for conveying messages to her paralyzed extremities as she goes along her gloomy pathway. Such a pitiable object you have never seen before. Tears of sympathy spring to your eyes, but you do not lose sight of this monstrous pathological specimen; you keep your eyes upon her, for she may need your assistance. You see her enter the office of this wonderful physician, and you witness with pleasure her hearty reception by this nineteenth century wonder, this transparently pretentious specimen of retrograde humanity. As you see her wonderful trans-

formation — gradually shrinking, gradually diminishing in her dimensions, until she assumes her normal size and appears the symmetrically formed little woman of former days,—you are reminded of the miraculous diminution which occurred in that wonderful character She, about whom you have doubtless read. You are also amazed at the surprising results obtained from the remedies of this incomparably great physician, and especially so when you learn that her shattered nerves have been brought together and become as strong as iron. You are indeed surprised when you remember that she did all these things and reported results to her physician when she had no memory. You cannot understand it! Her neighbors may have informed her, or the wonderful remedies she took may have unveiled the misty and obscure past, so that she could know of things that occurred when she was without a memory. Wonderful indeed! Psychology may yet unveil to the world all the mysteries of the past."

You express surprise that such transparent frauds are not detected, and ask if it is likely that these alleged testimonials are really written by the persons whose names are used.

"Sometimes," says the doctor, "it happens that the fraudulent character of these advertisements is exposed. In this advertisement the name of a well-known lady whom he had victimized was used. The testimonial was said to have been written by the doctor himself, and intended for parts of the world unknown to her, but through a mistake had been sent to her locality. The lady was, in fact, a small woman, and not in any way

afflicted as the testimonial said. Such doctors do not form any part of the regular profession, and are in no way recognized by it. They are odious to the physician. Their methods should be condemned by all honest people. They live upon the credulity of an unsuspecting public, and the very ones who confide in them would condemn them most bitterly if they could only know their true inwardness."

After a moment's silence the doctor resumes:

"Here is another case that recently came to my notice. An old gentleman who had been sick for a long time, his legs flexed to a right angle and completely anchylosed, was visited by this same Doctor Crook, who made him believe he could cure him, that the remedies would loosen his kneejoints and let his legs straighten out; that he could supply him with a new pair of lungs—in short, that he could completely renovate him and bring him out as good as new. This gentleman, who was seventy-eight years of age, gave credence to the doctor's unreasonable promises, and actually paid him one hundred and fifty dollars in advance to cure him. The fellow knew he could do the old man no good; he knew quite well the credulousness of the average invalid; and he simply talked him out of so much money. He might as well have stolen it, for he obtained it under false pretense. About the only difference between him and the common highwayman is that he persuaded his victim to give up his money by his smooth talk, while the other fellow would have persuaded him with a six-shooter. This old man was a hopeless invalid, already beyond the possibility

of recovery. Doctor Crook heard of him, deliberately fleeced him, and then left him to wrestle with his disease and an empty pocketbook."

"Such men can not be very numerous," you say; "otherwise people would become acquainted with their methods and refuse to patronize them."

"Strange as it may seem," replies the doctor, "men like Doctor Crook appear and reappear in almost every town; and, stranger still, they invariably find enough confiding victims to amply remunerate them for their trouble. They are by no means fools; quite the contrary. The usual type is fairly well educated, a graduate of a medical college, and is really an accomplished and refined charlatan in the guise of a physician. He does not belong to the profession of medicine, and is not entitled to any of its privileges; in short, he has no part or lot in it."

"Do regular physicians never advertise?"

"Never, if they are true to their obligations. The true physician does all he can for suffering humanity, makes no unreasonable promises, always and under all circumstances tells the patient or his friends the truth when they want to know it, and charges a reasonable fee for his services. Many patients do not want to know the whole truth, and if you tell them they may employ another physician; but the true physician will tell them when they desire him to do so. Then, too, there is an occasional person who is not much indisposed, but who seems to enjoy a reasonable amount of sickness, and takes great pleasure in relating the different symptoms of his disease as observed from day to day. It would seem to be cruel

to disabuse the mind of such a patient of its belief in his delusive ailment, for if you should do so you would deprive him of one of his greatest sources of pleasure. It should, however, always be done. Patients of this class are easily victimized by the sympathetic Doctor Crook, and contribute liberally to his support. They crave sympathy, and they get an abundant supply of it from him—and usually pay quite liberally for it. Men like Doctor Crook will continue to be a scab upon the fair face of the profession as long as human nature remains the same or men are willing to sacrifice their manhood for a few paltry dollars."

"Where does this medical phenomenon hail from?" you ask.

"When traveling through the country, Doctor Crook represents himself as being from some large city. At one time, when visiting our town, he said he was from one of our largest cities, was professor in a leading medical college, was founder of some half dozen hospitals, and was running a sanitarium. I visited the number he gave for his sanitarium, and what do you suppose I found? An old feed stable. There was not, and perhaps never had been, a sanitarium near that locality."

"Is the belief generally prevalent that country people are not quite so intelligent as those in the cities?"

"Strange as it may seem, most country people believe about all the talent in the world is in the city, and that the city doctor is much more intelligent than his country cousin. The fact is, the general practitioner is the broadest minded medical man in the world, and you find him

at his best in the country. I believe I would be safe in saying that three fourths of the great men of the world were raised in the rural districts. The country has not given up all its talent, and it never will. It will continue to supply the city with talent just the same as it does with provender for all time to come. Great minds originate in the country, and it seems to be an immutable law of nature that the best families degenerate in the city. It is said that in London many families become extinct in three or four generations. There is still talent enough in the country to fill all the places of all the business and professional people of all our cities in less than three months if they were to become vacant. The country is full of as great men as the world has ever known. All they lack is the opportunity to develop. There are just as good doctors in the country as in any city. Doctor Crook understands this, but he advertises himself as hailing from the city because of the belief of most country people in the superiority of the city doctor. There is not a physician in my town who is not more competent than Doctor Crook, and can treat his cases more successfully, because he has them under observation all the time. He will treat them for less money, and the latter will be kept at home, instead of being carried away to a foreign locality."

"Do you really believe, Doctor, that the local physicians are all more competent than Doctor Crook?"

"Indeed I do. Our local physicians are all well qualified, and are certainly more interested in our people than the ubiquitous Doctor Crook is, and can and will render them more efficient service."

"Doctor Crook does not usually make exhaustive examinations, does he?"

"No; he claims to be able to make a diagnosis by sight, not even asking a question or employing the X-rays."

"Can such a thing be done?"

"No man can do anything of the kind. Many times the diagnosis remains obscure even after the minutest investigations, and any one who treats his patients without a careful examination treats them without knowing what the disease is; yet people who ought to know better will employ the doctor who claims he can diagnosticate the disease at a glance. Not long ago a minister came to me from another town with his child. When I asked him who his family physician was, he told me that Doctor Wise was doing his practice now. 'I did employ Doctor Good,' he said, 'but he was very slow to make a diagnosis. It was only after a long course of quizzing and examining that he was able to arrive at definite conclusions, and sometimes he could not then certainly diagnosticate the case. Doctor Wise had no such difficulty; he just looked at the patient and told what the disease was, so we employed him as our family physician.' Now, the truth is, Doctor Good was an experienced physician, very careful, quite conscientious, and scarcely ever made a mistake. His judgment was good, and he did not give an opinion until he could give one that was worth something. Doctor Wise was a young man, inexperienced, a pretender, who always tried to pass himself for more than he was worth; and he succeeded in capturing this minister,

who actually discarded a very competent physician for him and thus influenced his parishioners to place the lives of themselves and families in the hands of this pretentious young doctor."

"Doctor Crook is very nearly related to the patent medicine man, is he not?"

"Yes; but the difference is that Doctor Crook advertises himself while the other fellow advertises his remedies."

"Do not patent nostrums do about as much harm in the world as Doctor Crook can possibly do?"

"No, I hardly think so. The use of patent medicines is to be discouraged, but they do not deserve the same condemnation as the advertising traveling doctor. They should, however, be heartily condemned. Medicine is a liberal profession, and its true devotees are expected to—and, as a matter of fact, do—give to the world any and all valuable discoveries made. The patent medicine man mystifies his remedies with the charm of secrecy, without which they would neither sell nor benefit the patient. Secret remedies are neither prescribed nor used by physicians. If they are valuable, their formulæ should be given to the world; if not, they should not be used. Many of them contain but little medicine, and are therefore incapable of doing much harm. They are sometimes, doubtless, even beneficial by their psychological effect. Mental therapeutics is governed by certain fixed laws of nature, and when these remedies, carrying with them, as they frequently do, the indorsements of the clergy and of the religious papers of our entire country, a belief in their

efficiency is at once established; and this faith, through its suggestive influence, actually gives some relief, and for a time the patient improves, but as the ardor of his faith subsides the remedy ceases to give relief. Another is tried with similar results, and again another, the same patient taking a dozen or more different kinds with the same uniformity of results."

"I never could understand why so many ministers endorse patent medicines and fake remedies of all kinds."

"I presume it is because they have overlooked the fact that scientific medicine has long since passed the theological stage, through which medicine, in common with other branches of knowledge, had to pass. I doubt whether the average minister is the close student of mental phenomena that he should be. He is too apt to attribute certain mental phenomena to obscure causes, and when he sees a patient improve for a time upon a certain remedy he is almost sure to attribute the apparent improvement to the remedy itself, and entirely ignore the psychical effect, which in most instances is the real cause of the improvement. Analysis of many of these remedies leaves no doubt upon this point, as they are known to possess very little medicine. A few years ago a sure cure for consumption was advertised as having been discovered by a minister's wife. It sold for one dollar a bottle, and had an immense sale. Chemical analysis revealed the astonishing fact that it contained nothing but spring water, yet patients were temporarily relieved by it."

"How was the result produced?"

"By its effect upon the mind. It was one way of administering mental therapeutics. I can understand why religious papers are so full of patent medicine advertisements. It is because they largely increase their revenues, and because patent medicine men understand the fact that many people who read such advertisements in a religious paper will give credence to the statements made simply because they are in their church papers, and will purchase the remedies at the first opportunity, give them a trial, and, if they imagine themselves improved within a day or two—as they most certainly will—recommend them to all their friends. Thus the paper and the medicine man replenish their pocketbooks, and remain on solid footing, for they have both the endorsement of the minister and the prestige of the almighty dollar. After all, no great harm has been done, religious literature has received a handsome reward, and the invalids the quiet satisfaction of imagining their health much improved. Clergymen, I presume, have the same delusive ideas, and can conscientiously give their endorsement to these remedies. Sometimes permanent improvement results. Unfortunately, however, an occasional human being is sacrificed, a neglect to consult the physician allowing the disease to advance in its destructive course until it is beyond the possibility of control."

"Are such cases of common occurrence?"

"No, but only yesterday the disastrous results of negligence were illustrated in my office. A young married lady, accompanied by her two little children, came in for treatment. She had cancer of the breast. She had been

advised by one of her relatives not to consult a physician, but to go to an individual in the neighborhood who, it was said, possessed the wonderful power of performing cures by some mysterious charming process, or legerdemain. The aforesaid relative evidently had more faith than judgment, as the sequel will disclose. The wizard charmed away at this lady's cancer week after week, but it did not disappear. It seemed to be entirely undisturbed in its destructive work, and it continued to grow and to spread until it became evident that it would not yield to the magic spell of this so-called doctor. The lady then lost her faith and came to me for help. A careful examination revealed the lamentable fact that other parts had become involved. The glands in the armpit were all diseased; the liver was also involved and much enlarged, and she had dropsy as a result; in short, her condition was such as to preclude the possibility of recovery. Early appropriate treatment would have saved her life, but now, alas! nothing could be done; she was doomed, and it seemed very much like passing the death sentence to tell her so. She wanted to know the worst, and I had to tell her in the gentlest way possible. Her husband will soon be a widower, her children motherless, and she a victim of the credulousness and superstition of an ignorant but well-meaning relative."

"Are patent medicine men, together with Doctor Crook and his kind, expressly condemned by the code of ethics?"

"Yes. This instrument stands in about the same relation to physicians as statutory laws do to the people.

There are some objectionable features in the code which should be changed, however, and the indications are that some changes will be made in a few years at most. The clause in regard to consultations with irregular physicians is practically a dead letter, and since they have been recognized by law, and have raised their standard of medical education to correspond with that of the regular schools, I see no reason why they should not be recognized when they are known to be worthy."

You have become so absorbed in your conversation with your friend that you have nearly forgotten the object of your drive.

"Here we are," says the doctor as he drives up in front of a large two-story residence in the edge of the woods.

As you enter the house you are met by the only occupant, except the sick child, who is the granddaughter of the old lady who invites you to take a seat. This old lady is near threescore and ten years of age, tall and slim, with sharp features and blue eyes, is freckle faced, and has red hair tinged with gray. She is plainly dressed and very ignorant. How could she be otherwise, as she has always lived here a devotee to hard work and a large family?

She has outlived her husband; her children are doing for themselves; and she is now alone with this little granddaughter, who is rather a good-looking child. You find yourself at once in sympathy with the little girl and with her ancient grandparent, who is a good old soul, and you

cannot help feeling a kind of sympathy also for her. The doctor, you observe, examines the child carefully, feels its pulse, takes its temperature, and very patiently listens to the old lady's account of its sickness, which is given in a roundabout and random manner. He quizzes her carefully until he has obtained about all the information there is any immediate prospect of getting.

"The child," she says, "has been awful sick on the stomach and couldn't keep nothin' down."

The doctor proceeds at once to put up some medicine for his little patient, but has not gone far with his task when the old lady conceives a brilliant idea.

"You know, Doctor, I have been giving her some butternut syrup to physic her, and it wouldn't physic, but it just made her puke every time she took it; and I have just remembered that I peeled that bark up instead of down, and you know when it is peeled up it will always make 'em vomit, but I hadn't thought of it before."

"Very likely that is it." remarks the doctor as he continues his work.

You are soon on the road again, and enjoy a hearty laugh over this little episode.

"I have heard that story of peeling bark either up or down according to the effects you want it to produce," says the doctor, "but I never saw it verified before. The good old lady, in her ignorance, exhibited such profound and simple faith in the elevating effects of this bark because it had been peeled upward that I did not have the heart to destroy it; so I just acquiesced. She was pleased, and no harm was done."

You express your surprise that any person in the circumstances of this old lady should be so ignorant, and so superstitious.

"Ignorance and superstition are not confined to the poor class," the doctor replies, "but you often meet with both amongst people who have accumulated a great deal of property. You see, this old lady and her husband, who was just as ignorant as she, started here in the early days. They spent every hour in the pursuit of wealth, and scarcely ever read even a newspaper. They worked and saved and always stayed at home, and they learned only one thing—how to run the farm and save money."

"It is astonishing," you casually remark, "how some of these people succeed in accumulating wealth."

"The next patient I shall see," says the doctor, "is a young man who has been married only about a year and who is the chief support of his aged parents, with whom he lives. He is not my patient, but the attending physician is a friend of mine. From some cause the friends became a little dissatisfied with the management of the case, as people frequently do, and I was called in. We are both now treating him, and are working harmoniously; but the patient is growing worse in spite of us, and, I have no doubt, will die within a day or two."

Soon the doctor pulls up in front of a farmhouse the external aspect of which indicates neither affluence nor poverty. From the number of teams tied in front, the doctor predicts the patient is worse; and when you enter the house you know he is right. The house is full of people, and the sick man is just about breathing his last.

In a few minutes all is over, and the scene that follows beggars description. The other doctor was already there. In the confusion which follows, his services are required for one of the fainting female relatives in the next room, and your friend endeavors to restore order around the bed.

After what seems to you an unusual length of time, he succeeds in quieting the bereaved friends. He then goes into the other room, but returns in a moment and looks out at the front door. You also look out, and you see a very strange spectacle. The other doctor is there going through the most frantic gesticulations, for he is an excitable fellow, and you hear him say, "That will cost him ten thousand dollars." You walk out with the doctor, who quietly asks his medical friend for an explanation of his unaccountable conduct. He then explains that he had been led out of the house and away from his fainting patient by one of the male relatives—a big, burly fellow,—who shoved him through the gate and ordered him to leave the place immediately. It seems that this fellow had acquired a dislike for the doctor and concluded he would dispose of him in the quickest way possible.

"Well," says the doctor, "I guess we had better go."

As you are in the act of starting, he informs the other physician that if he needs him as a witness he is at his service at any time; and these two medical friends depart, both feeling that they have outstayed their usefulness.

Says the doctor as you go along:

"I have had many peculiar experiences, but this is a little different from anything I have ever seen. It is a

new one. I have been summarily dismissed a few times myself, but never in such an impressive manner as that. I once had a peculiar experience of this kind. I was called to see a rather intelligent lady, and after making my diagnosis I informed her husband — who was a well-to-do farmer, but as full of superstition as he could be — that his wife had erysipelas. I gave him directions, and requested him to be punctual with the treatment, and let me hear from her the next day. I did not hear the next day, nor the next, nor the next, and had about forgotten the case when I received a message to go at once and see her, as she was much worse. I found her in a very dangerous condition indeed; but I did what I could for her immediate relief, left more medicine, gave directions, and then inquired of her husband why he had not let me hear from her before, since she had been so sick. 'Well,' he said, 'you know old man Broughzer over here cures erysipelas — he cures it every time. When you told me what it was, I thought it was no use to doctor with you any longer, but I would just go and let him treat her, as he never fails.' 'Well,' said I, 'it seems he has failed this time. You have lost some valuable time while fooling with him, and now you may lose your wife.' 'Don't you think she will get well?' said he. 'No,' said I, 'I do not believe she will, neither do I know whether she would if she had been properly treated, but her chances would have been many times more than in the course you have pursued.' 'But,' said he, 'I do not think so. This man cures every time, and he does it by charms; he just conjures the disease, and it disappears like magic.' "

"How is it that men are so superstitious at this late day?"

"It is mostly due to their early training and to their environments. The world is full of superstition, and it is not strange that a backwoods dweller should be superstitious when there is a vein of it running through most men of education and refinement. There is a law of psychic phenomena which, to my mind, gives a scientific explanation of the belief in these so-called occult forces. But we cannot enter into a discussion of this topic at the present time. This man evidently believed in this method of treating erysipelas much more strongly than he believed in the family physician and his remedies, as the sequel will show. He told me that he had heard there was an old man in the neighborhood just east of him who cured all manner of disease by laying on of hands, 'and I have just been thinking of going for him,' he said. I remarked to him that he had certainly had enough of that kind of business, and that he now surely would allow me to do all I could for his wife. I told him that there was a chance for her to recover yet, although the case was nearly hopeless. I insisted upon his staying with her and following directions implicitly. I then told him I would be back again in the evening, and took my leave feeling certain that he would go after the man who cured by laying on of hands. Sure enough, when I returned in the afternoon I found this wonderful man at the bedside of my patient busily intent on —the Lord only knows what, the sick woman in the wildest delirium, and her husband in the finest spirits, for he actually believed in the old fellow's ability to restore her

health. The delirium, the old man said, was a good symptom. He also said she would come to herself by midnight; and her credulous and superstitious husband believed him. This wonderful doctor was nothing more than a tramp going about the country living on the credulity of the people. You would hardly believe me if I were to tell you that many believed in him, and he got a good living. He was something over six feet in height, rather slim, had a high forehead and dark eyes, and was perfectly white-headed. He was no fool; in fact, he was playing a fine game. When I asked him if he thought he could save the woman, he only remarked, 'If she gets well, it will require a great deal of skill.' I then said to the husband, 'Do you want to place in this man's hands the little spark of life remaining in your wife?' He said he did. I was really astonished at such a display of unwarranted confidence, and withdrew. It is needless to say that the woman died soon afterwards. I might mention many similar cases, but this is sufficient to give you an idea of the superstition that everywhere abounds."

"Are there any real grounds for this belief?"

"It is not without some foundation in fact, but the trouble is that certain fixed laws of nature, now fairly well understood, have been attributed to some mysterious influence possessed by some men, or to a supernatural power. There is a subtle power present in all men which is a valuable therapeutic agent and should never be lost sight of by the physician. It should always be employed when available. I refer to suggestion, through which is brought to bear the influence of the mind upon the body.

It is this influence that effects a cure when mental therapeutics is brought into service, and in well-selected cases wonderful results sometimes follow."

"Do you mean, Doctor, that by suggestion you can cure disease?"

"Yes; many forms of disease can be favorably influenced in this way."

"What kind of mental process is set in motion to favorably affect disease?"

"There is a subconscious mind in every individual. It has entire control of all the organs of the body, even to their entire suspension. It is capable of receiving impressions through suggestions made by another person or by its own objective mind. These suggestions cause it to exert its restorative power upon the diseased organs and to thus set up a healthy action. There is no doubt that disease may be favorably influenced in this way."

"Doctor, do I understand you to say there are two minds in each individual?"

"Yes; the objective and subjective, or conscious and subconscious. The objective keeps the person in communication with the external world. It gathers information through the five senses, which it turns over to the subjective mind for safe-keeping. The latter puts it away in the storehouse of memory, where it is kept for future use, and it forms part of the real man."

You both remain silent for a few minutes; then the doctor continues:

"But I was giving you some of my experiences, and I will now relate a little incident of a somewhat different

nature, to show you the difficulty we sometimes have with our patients in trying to control their appetites. The patient, a young married lady who was one of the invincible sort, had been pretty sick. She would take a relapse every two or three days—just as often as she could get an appetite, in fact—and I began to get out of patience with her. One day, when she sent for me to come in a hurry, I concluded I would make her own up, for I was almost certain she had been eating something she had no business to eat. As it was the season for roasting ears, I suspected they were the cause of her relapse, and so asked her how many roasting ears she had eaten. 'O Doctor!' she said, 'I haven't eaten a bite of anything today.' 'Now, I know better; you have been eating some corn. How much did you eat? I must know.' 'Well, Doctor, I did eat just a little bite of corn.' 'Well, did you not eat half an ear?' 'Yes, I did eat that much.' 'Well, what did you do with the other half?' 'I ate it, too.'"

"Did you resort to mental treatment in this case?"

"I should say I did, and I made such a strong impression upon her mind that she ate no more corn during that spell of sickness. But here we are at home again: come in," says the doctor.

The invitation is accepted, and you go with him into his office for a little rest. You have hardly seated yourselves when an old fellow with stoop shoulders and rather vicious-looking countenance and eyes comes in and calls for some medicine. He says he has tried all the doctors in town and has concluded that not one of them knows anything about medicine.

"The last one I patronized," he says, "was that hook-nosed ignoramus over on the east side. He don't know enough to feed himself."

The doctor examines him and puts him up some medicine, and when the old fellow asks how much it is worth tells him to just go out on the street and abuse him as he had the other doctors and that would settle the bill. Doubtless that is just what he did.

"I had another little experience with this same man some time ago," says the doctor. "An old building was burned, and circumstances pointed pretty strongly in the direction of this old fellow as the incendiary. I expressed my belief in the theory, and when some one told him about it he was very wroth and said the first time he saw me he would give me a good pounding if I did not take it back. I overtook him one day on the road, and, sure enough, he stopped me and said, 'I understand you said that you believed I burned the old house; did you say it?' 'Yes, Uncle Ben, that is just what I said; but I am in a hurry and have no time to spend with you here. As you are going my way, just get into the buggy with me, and we will talk about that as we go along.' He got in, commenced talking about the weather, and chatted pleasantly, but did not refer to the old house again. We parted seemingly very good friends, and have remained so ever since."

Chapter XII

The Lady Doctor Talks

EARLY next morning you meet the lady doctor, and she invites you to go with her to see some of her patients. You gladly accept the invitation, and are soon on the road.

"I will show to you the extreme conditions of life as observed in our city," she says.

As you ride along she chats pleasantly on various subjects. She becomes silent and thoughtful for a few moments and then says:

"It seems strange, indeed, that abject poverty should exist in a city possessed of so much wealth; but such is the case, and a few people here are actually starving—a slow starvation, it is true, but they are starving for the necessaries of life, and they gradually grow thinner and weaker and at last die unless some kind hand succors them. The cause of death is reported as some acute disease, which has only come to their relief and finished the work which a lack of proper food had so nearly completed."

Here her carriage stops in front of a very beautiful residence, situated in the midst of a large plat of ground and surrounded by a beautiful and well-kept lawn and shade trees and flowers in profusion. The external appearances are all indicative of great wealth. She ascends the steps and rings the bell, which is answered by a serv-

ant; and you are admitted and at once conducted to the sick room. In passing through the house you observe that its internal appearance harmonizes perfectly with what you have seen on the outside. The rugs, the upholstery, and the pictures—rare specimens of art—are all in perfect accord and artistically arranged.

The sick room is beautiful, but contains very little furniture. Besides the bed there is a chair or two and a stand with a large bouquet of flowers upon it. The patient, a little girl some five or six years of age, is attended by her mother and a well-trained nurse. The mother says she spends most of her time at the bedside of her little daughter.

"She is our only child," she says, "and I am very anxious about her. She is about out of danger now, but I feel that she is nearer to me than ever. We came very near losing her, and would have, but for the untiring devotion of our physician, who gave her every possible attention day and night, and has given her back to us. I can hardly stay away from her, even for a moment, I am so glad. God and the physician have been our sources of comfort in our great trial, and now that we have our dear little girl brought back to prospective health I feel that I cannot be thankful enough to either. My husband, who has just stepped out, is as thankful as I am. We are very happy, and both spend nearly all our time with our child, who likes to have us near her, and who is not satisfied when we are away."

By this time the doctor has completed her duties, and you withdraw, greatly impressed with the faith and con-

fidence of these good people in their Creator and their physician.

"Doctor, it must be a great pleasure for you to practice for such appreciative people."

"It is, indeed; and especially so when my efforts are successful," says the doctor, as you get into the carriage. "I am about as happy as that appreciative mother over the result of this case, and I want to tell you that such victories as have crowned my efforts in that home give to the physician about all the glory there is in the practice of medicine. It is not the money I shall get out of it—and they will pay me a large fee—but it is the satisfaction of seeing that little patient, in whom I became so much interested, restored to health. It is such things that repay us for our broken rest and for the weary days of uncertainty and mental agony and anxiety that we must experience in all these cases. That child is nearly out of danger, and I am just about as much elated as her mother."

After driving some distance in silence, you turn into a side street, and the doctor continues:

"The next case I shall show you is in a different part of the city from the last, in a tenement-house district; and I presume, from what the little girl who came for me said, that the family is reduced to the most abject poverty. Her little brother, she said, was sick, and they had no money to pay a doctor, but her mamma wanted me to come. 'We have had nothing to eat for nearly two days,' she said, 'and mamma is almost sick too.' I looked at her and was surprised at the haggard and

emaciated condition of the child. I invited her in, gave her some food, also some provisions to take home, and told her I would call in a short time. This, I believe, is the place,'' as the carriage turned into a very dilapidated street, and stopped in front of one of the poorest looking houses in it.

As you alight, you express surprise that people should be compelled to live in such an unsanitary old building. You and the doctor pass into the house, up two flights of rickety stairs, and into the poor little abode of these unfortunate people. The floor is uncarpeted, and there is but one bed, which is clean and neat. The only two chairs in the house have been very nice and rather expensive ones, but are now showing evidence of rough usage. The woman who meets you at the door is a frail, delicate-looking blonde, rather good-looking and intelligent, and has evidently seen better days. A boy some ten or twelve years of age lies upon the bed, and from his appearance is a very sick child. You are invited to take a seat, and the doctor proceeds at once to examine the child, who, it seems, has been sick for several days. The mother says she has been doing the little she could for her boy, but he continued to grow worse although he had not been very sick until within a day or two. She says she has postponed sending for a physician because she is entirely unable to pay anything for such service, and has no money to buy medicines with even if the physician should prescribe. She says she has been compelled to do something, for she could not see her boy lying there so sick and make no effort to relieve him.

"The fact is," she continues, "he has had no nourishment for a day or two, and I have no money, and can get none, to buy even the food necessary to keep him alive. He, young as he is, has helped to make the living of late. I was unable to get any work to do the past week, and I could have done very little if I could have found it. I had been sewing for a firm, but they informed me they had no more work at present, and probably would not have for three or four weeks. I have been living on half rations or less for several weeks, for we could not make enough to pay the rent for our room and to buy the little food necessary to sustain life. I suppose my little girl told you to come. She has not come home yet; but it is scarcely time, as she is so weak she can hardly walk."

At this juncture the little girl comes in with the provisions, and says: "Mamma, I have brought you something to eat. I could not walk very fast, but I hurried all I could. I knew you must be hungry, for I was until the doctor gave me all the breakfast I could eat."

Here she observes the doctor is in the room, but she comes in and asks her mother to eat some breakfast at once. The doctor also requests the mother to eat, and says that as she is through with the examination of the child she will go to the nearest drug store and bring the medicine, and also send some suitable nourishment. She returns in a short time with the medicine.

"The boy has typhoid fever," she says, "and will probably be sick for several days, and I have ordered such nourishment as he will need."

She then gives instructions how to prepare his food, how much to give, and how often. As she is about to retire she says she has ordered some provisions sent up to relieve their immediate wants.

"How does it happen," she inquires, "that you are so needy? I should judge from your appearance that you have been in better circumstances."

"Well," replies the woman, "we have seen better days. My parents were well-to-do, and my husband had a good start in the world. We set up housekeeping in a beautiful home of our own, and were prosperous for a while; but reverses came, and then the old story,—he took to drink. I did all I could to encourage him and help him to keep up, but it was no use. We went into a small house, but we could not pay the rents, and were compelled to move into a still smaller one. He could get no employment, because it was known that he drank. We managed to live for a while, but at last we had to come here. My husband could not bear these reverses as well, it seemed, as I could. He drank again, was locked up overnight, came home with pneumonia, and only lived a few days. I have managed to live in this place and keep my children with me. I should be very thankful if we were only well, for then we could manage to live, and when the children are a little older I believe we would get along all right."

"Have you no friends?"

"My parents have been dead several years, and my husband had no people to whom I could look for support. I have some friends in the country whom I might visit,

but I cannot ask them for help, and I have no money, although it would take but little, to pay our fare out to their town."

"I will see your child again tomorrow," says the doctor; and she and you take your leave, you wondering what she will do next for these people.

When you and the doctor are again in the carriage, she says:

"I cannot put these people in the hands of the city authorities, for this delicate woman and her children are worthy of better things. I have my mind made up: I shall provide for them myself until the boy gets well, and then I will send them to their people in the country, where they can live until some other arrangements can be made."

You are surprised at this statement, and you inquire if she does much of this kind of charity.

"I do about all I can afford to," she says. "You see, as a physician I see these people in a different way from what the public sees them. They are very destitute: the public knows nothing of it, but the physician does, and must do something for them or inform the authorities. There are some whom I prefer to help, as in the case in hand. You have no idea how much assistance physicians give to people whom they believe to be worthy. I believe that physicians do more for the poor than any other class do for them, and, I would be almost safe in saying, than all other classes. The average physician will give about one-fourth of his time to the poor, and many of them give more than that. If they do four thousand

dollars' worth of business, that means one thousand dollars annually for every physician. Counting only half that much you would have a very nice little sum if you were to enumerate all the physicians in our state. Besides the work they do without remuneration, they are constantly giving their hard-earned cash for charitable purposes and for the immediate relief of their poor patients. The great cause of all this want is the saloons. Of course, there are other causes; but the saloons are to blame more frequently than any other factor; and many families who are now living in poverty would be in easy circumstances but for them."

"It does seem strange, indeed," you remark "that saloons are permitted to deal out their deadly potions in nearly all towns of any size in the country. If men generally could see their deadly and demoralizing influence as physicians must see it, I should think that every one would vote against them."

"If they could only see the sight we have just witnessed, their better natures certainly would be touched. Civilization will not be what it should until the last saloon is closed. And the voters in our cities will not cease to be responsible for the bloodshed caused by saloons, for the tears they cause to flow, for the broken homes and the starving women and children, until the last one is closed."

"This will be accomplished in time, perhaps, but not, I fear, for years to come," you say, as the doctor pauses a moment.

"We may not live to see the happy day," she replies, "but such a thing is a probability. The people must be

educated, and this is being done very rapidly. When there were only a few earnest workers, the task must have had a very discouraging outlook indeed, but as others took up the work, and still others, progress was more rapid. It is much as it was in the days of slavery. Only a few earnest, conscientious individuals, who were despised by nearly all the Southern people and by many in the North, were in the work; but they raised their voices against slavery in such thunderous tones as made them heard all over our great country. The people were taught to see the enormity of human bondage, and such an educational wave went over this country as had never before been witnessed. Another just such a wave has been started, and any one who can read the signs of the times can see it rapidly assuming such proportions as will sometime enable it to completely engulf the liquor traffic. This destroyer of human happiness and souls is the direct cause of more heartaches and broken homes, more crime and misery and degradation and vice than all other factors combined."

You express the opinion, somewhat emphatically, that men who engage in this unholy and detestable traffic are not good citizens, no matter how clever they may be, or how kind to their families or their neighbors.

"No man," says the lady doctor, "is a good citizen who will engage in a business which he knows will destroy the homes, the prospects, and even the souls of men. No man is a good citizen who will tempt his fellow men, or deal out to them that which he knows will destroy their lives and their future prospects. No man is a good

citizen who is willing to sell alcoholic drinks in any locality against the wishes of the best citizens. No man is a good citizen who will sell his vile and deadly wares to the young men of any community, against the earnest protest of their mothers and sisters. No man is a good citizen who will persistently break the laws of our country as the saloon keeper does, by selling to minors and habitual drunkards, and by keeping his saloon open on the Sabbath day.''

Some of the views the doctor has expressed seem to you a little radical upon first thought, but you decide they are right, for they express the lamentable facts, and are only cause for the advocates of temperance to redouble their efforts to suppress the traffic.

''I believe,'' the doctor resumes after a time, ''that the temperance lecturer makes a mistake when he says he has no fight to make against the saloon keeper. He says the traffic is legalized, and his fight is against the voters; but who are the voters, and who manipulates them? The elections are controlled quite often by the liquor interests; and the saloon keepers, by the assistance of their money, control elections and thereby make it possible for them to retain their licenses. They control legislation and force laws and saloons upon communities against the wishes of the majority of the good citizens. In this great fight at the ballot box the liquor interests are arrayed against good citizenship, and if the interests of the liquor dealers were not guarded with an eternal vigilance saloons would cease to exist in a very short time. If it is wrong to sell intoxicating drinks, the saloon keeper is culpable. His

only excuse is that he has not been educated to look upon the traffic in a criminating way. He can see nothing wrong in selling alcoholic drinks to those who wish to buy them, and he may be conscientious in his belief. There are some naturally good people engaged in the liquor business — people who have no desire to do wrong. Their early training and environments have made them what they are. Many of these will continue in the business — some of them for life, perhaps — but education and its resulting moral effects will cause some of them to discontinue the business, and will keep future generations from engaging in it, for they will be able to view it as it is. They will come to know that it is outside the pale of good citizenship. The poor drunkard, the man with an appetite, is a pitiable object indeed, and all good people should sympathize with him and do everything in their power to lift him up and put him on his feet again."

"The church," you say, "should do more in this line. It is here that it ought to do its best work."

"What is the church for if not to go down to the level of the most degraded and rescue them from the grasp of the demon, and lift them up and hold them up until they become good citizens."

"True," you say, "but its tendency now is to divide into classes; and as the gospel is somewhat expensive, the middle and upper classes alone can afford the luxury and the consolation of the Christian religion."

"There is little room in the modern church for the poor," says the doctor, "and yet the mission of Christ in the world was to establish a means of salvation for that

very class. When John the Baptist sent messengers to Jesus to know if he was the Christ, he sent back to John, among other things, the soul-inspiring message that the poor have the gospel preached to them, and this he regarded as evidence of his divine errand. Should the church of today be gauged by this rule, how it would be found wanting! The poor should be made to feel at home in any and all churches, and they should be encouraged to go there often, and the wealthy class and the well-to-do people everywhere should meet the financial obligations. You know how poor Lazarus was in this world and how rich in the great beyond. Lazarus exists in the world today. You will find him in every civilized community, and how glad we would be to associate with him in the world to come! but in this—he doesn't belong to our set. The poor drunkard and the victims of the saloons should be treated very kindly and considerately by the church; they should be educated and a wall of protection thrown around them. They should be made to feel at home in the church and should be encouraged to go there; they should be saved, and it is the duty of the church to save them. Many saloon keepers and drunkards may be reclaimed and converted into good citizens, and caused to stand in opposition to these nefarious practices."

"Have not the temperance workers already educated the people to that point where it is a disgrace to drink intoxicating beverages or to be seen in a saloon?"

"Yes, and as the good work progresses public opinion and moral sentiment will bear so heavily that no man of

honor will engage in the liquor business in any of its forms. Such a time is rapidly approaching, and we hail its coming, for then the real fight will be on. On one hand will be the men who are willing to boldly defy law and order and good citizenship; on the other, men and women who stand solidly for the right. I can see them now, drawn up in solid phalanxes,—good citizenship and the doctrines of the meek and lowly Nazarene represented on the one hand, lawlessness and disorder and the wiles of the chief of the infernal regions upon the other."

The doctor pauses, and as you calmly consider the contrast she has drawn, it seems, indeed, remarkable. On the one hand you see the splendid phalanx of noble men and women of all the walks of life. You see there all good citizens; the Christian, the laboring class and the business men, artisans, artists, and poets, millionaires, merchant princes, bankers, and railroad magnates, authors, teachers, professional men and women, and the advanced thinkers of the age are there, all united in one grand work. When you contrast it with those upon the other hand, you are surprised at the difference. There you see the defenders of the liquor traffic—and what a motley lot they are! You see here and there a fairly presentable looking man who has got into the company of these fellows through some delusive idea he has entertained, such as that there is more whisky sold and drank in the absence of saloons than when they exist on every other corner. This person will claim that he is opposed to the liquor traffic, and he champions the cause of saloons

as the most rational solution of the whisky question. He actually talks as if he believes in the delusion. You stop to consider what it means to entertain a delusion in which one has a perfect belief. It means insanity; and the man who undertakes to promote the temperance cause by voting for saloons, you think, must surely be insane.

You look again, and you see a very great number of saloon keepers. They are the leaders of this motley host, many of whom seem to have a respectable appearance; but as you scrutinize them more closely you notice that some of them have a bloated and fiendish look in their countenances, and you know they are losing their honor and rapidly nearing their final destination. You see in the rank and file of this army the young man who is just beginning to drink, the moderate drinker, the constant drinker, and the confirmed drunkard who is tottering upon the brink of the grave. As you see the latter in his soiled and ragged clothes, and look upon his bloated features and into his bleared eyes, you know his manhood has long since disappeared, and as you hear him call for more drink you are sure that he is wrecked beyond the power of human aid. You see him going down and down, and you know the only possible use he can be in the world now is to become an object lesson for those who are coming after him, but who may yet be redeemed.

You take one more look, and you see those who are not too far gone to realize their condition leaving the ranks of this miserable horde and passing over to the opposite army; for by contrast of the two contesting forces they can at last realize the kind of people with

whom they are associated, and they become alarmed and disgusted and step across the line into the opposing ranks. When you contrast the appearance of the remaining ones on the side of the saloons, you know the temperance people, the good citizens, will have an easy victory, and you know the saloon must go. Education will exterminate it.

You see the women of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who are doing a splendid work; and to them must be given great credit for the educational crusade now in progress against the liquor business. Some may think their efforts will not be crowned with success, but you believe they will. The fact is, they must succeed, the world must grow better and better, and the work of these determined women will be blessed and their prayers heard. The world cannot afford saloons; they are too expensive. They cost more than mere dollars and cents; they cost the souls of men and the happiness of women and children. Does any one believe the women of the world will discontinue their efforts until the destroyer of their loved ones and of their own happiness ceases to exist? Never! The Women's Christian Temperance Union is here to stay, and it is only in its infancy now. Great things will be accomplished by it when it assumes the matronly proportions it is destined to acquire.

"The medical profession is also on the right side of this great question," the doctor resumes. "Physicians everywhere are teaching the people that alcohol should not be used as a beverage. They teach that it causes

indigestion and in various ways injures the health. It has been demonstrated many times that men who drink do not possess the greatest powers of endurance. It is known that alcohol, when used to excess, destroys the powers of the system to resist the ravages of disease. It is well known that when the drunkard contracts pneumonia or typhoid fever he is almost sure to die. One faction of the profession has vigorously denied of late that alcohol acts as either a food or a stimulant. Some high in authority even deny that alcohol has a place in medicine except as an anæsthetic, and teach that it is infinitely inferior as such to other well-known chemicals. There is an organization of physicians known as "The American Medical Temperance Association," which advocates total abstinence and the treatment of disease without the use of alcohol. It is claimed by this association that alcohol is not a stimulant, not a food, and therefore has no place in the treatment of disease, but, on the other hand, may do harm by its depressing or sedative effect and by interfering with the proper oxidization of the blood as it passes through the lungs. These physicians, if they are right, are at least ten years in advance of the age in which they live. Be that as it may, the medical profession is a unit in opposition to the use of alcohol as a beverage."

As the carriage stops in front of the doctor's office, her housekeeper comes to the door and informs her that a telephone call has just been received summoning the doctor to see a very sick man in a distant part of the city. The carriage moves away again, and for a time the doctor remains silent. Presently she speaks.

"Tobacco," she says, "is another great evil that seems to be but little less deleterious in its effects than alcohol. I have never been able to understand why so many people use it. There is certainly no excuse for it; it does not even taste good, but, on the contrary, is very nauseous and disagreeable in its effect upon the beginner. It is strange, indeed, that people persist in trying to use it until it perverts their appetite and they actually become accustomed to it and learn to like it, and that, too, when it is a most disgusting and expensive habit. It does not destroy the senses and the honor of people as alcohol does, but it creates a demand for stimulants. It is a well-known fact that nearly all drunkards are tobacco users; many of them both chew and smoke."

Here the carriage stops in rather a fashionable street. The doctor alights, and by her request you do likewise. The house which you are about to enter, you observe, is a very good one, and you are informed is the residence of one of the leading ministers of the city. He has charge of a wealthy congregation, you are told, as you pass into the luxuriously furnished apartments of the sick man. As he lies upon his bed, apparently in great agony, you notice that he is not a large man, but rather lean, with sunken eyes, haggard and pinched features, and black hair. Large drops of sweat are standing upon his face, and as he writhes and groans and occasionally places his hands over the region of the heart, you know he is a very sick man. His respirations are jerky, and he seems to be in the greatest distress. He tells the doctor that he has the severest pain in the region of the heart, extending up the

side and down the arm. She administers some medicine and he becomes quiet in a few minutes. The doctor writes a prescription, and tells the sick man that he must discontinue the use of tobacco at once and forever.

"You have what is known as the tobacco heart, and you can no longer hope to enjoy health and a comfortable existence unless you will discontinue for all time the use of tobacco. It has always been injurious to your health, but from this time on its use will endanger your life. Besides this, ministers of the gospel of Christ, whose business it is to teach not only Christianity, but morality as well, should not use tobacco,—they should set a better example."

"True," replies the minister, "I have no defense to offer, and I can assure you that hereafter I shall use no more tobacco."

You now retire thinking of the questionable influence of the minister who uses tobacco. When you are again in the carriage, the doctor says:

"It does seem strange that ministers will permit themselves to exert such an influence for evil. As a matter of fact, it is the man who lives the most exemplary life that exerts the greatest influence for good. The greatest teacher, if his daily life is faulty, can do but little good in the world, and he may do a great deal of harm. It may be said that the use of tobacco does not affect the morals. That may be true in a degree with some people, but with others it is quite the contrary. Adults who use it moderately and whose nerves are strong enough to resist its effects may not be affected by it in a moral way, but their

influence upon their young friends is sometimes extremely disastrous. Promising children who take up the use of tobacco because they see their seniors use it sometimes become completely wrecked—physically, morally, and mentally—by its use."

"So bad as that, Doctor?"

"Yes, indeed; and only a short time ago a boy about fifteen years of age was brought to me by his anxious mother, who informed me that her son had been in poor health for several months. 'He has been running down for a long time, and is failing both physically and mentally,' she said. She then told me that he was by no means the bright boy he had been a year or two before. He had lost all interest in affairs, made no progress at school, was very nervous, complained of dizziness, of faintness, of weakness of legs and arms, and staggered as he walked. He did not sleep well, and was greatly depressed in spirits. His food did not digest properly; he had sour stomach and heartburn, had lost much in weight, and had a very sallow complexion. 'In fact,' said his mother, 'he is a travesty upon his former healthful condition.' It was evident that if he had ever been a promising youth he was far from it now. As I proceeded to make a critical examination—for up to this time his case had been rather a puzzling one—I at once caught the odor of tobacco. I proceeded with the examination, however. The heart was very irritable, intermittent, and irregular. The impulse was weak, but there was no detectible organic lesion. There was a highly sensitive condition of the nervous system, especially of the cutaneous nerves, and the tendon

reflexes were exaggerated. He complained very much of his eyes, and it was evident that he was suffering from amaurosis, or impairment of vision, from the effects of tobacco upon the nervous apparatus of the eye. His legs were weak and trembling, and he was also suffering from muscular incoördination and from severe exhaustion. He was greatly emaciated. In short, he presented the appearance in the extreme of a pale, yellow, marasmic invalid who had lost all interest in the affairs of the world. Upon inquiry, I learned that he was addicted to the excessive use of tobacco, and that previously to the formation of the habit his health had been good and in school he was usually at the head of his class, but that after he had become addicted to the use of tobacco his health began to fail, and he advanced rapidly in his downward course until he became the physical wreck I have described. It was evident that he was a victim of chronic tobacco poisoning, and I advised an immediate and complete relinquishment of the habit."

"Was your advice taken?"

"Yes; and what do you suppose was the result? Six months later that boy was the picture of health, was bright, and was taking a lively interest in his studies. Some years later he graduated at the head of his class."

"It is fortunate," you remark, "that he had sufficient strength of character to abandon the habit. What could have induced so bright a boy to indulge in so vile a practice?"

"When I asked him how he came to contract the habit, he said: 'The older boys with whom I associated

used it, and I thought I must use it too. Father used it, and I thought I could never be a man like him until I could use tobacco. I was sure there was no harm in it, as the minister used it. He was a good man, and, I thought, exemplary; and I felt sure he would set no example that could not be safely followed.' "

"Are such cases common?" you ask.

"In young boys, yes. In adults you will find a different set of symptoms; that is, the disease is farther advanced. You find not only a disease of the heart, but disease of the blood vessels as well. It sometimes causes partial or complete blindness, and sometimes atrophy of the optic nerve. In the latter case permanent blindness results. It also causes spinal paralysis, various derangements of the heart and the nervous system, cancer of the mouth and throat, indigestion, and many other disorders."

"What, from your experience, seems to be the effect of the habit upon the mind?"

"The immoderate use of tobacco even affects the intellect, and many cases of insanity have occurred as a result."

"And yet is it not a fact that many physicians themselves use tobacco?"

"It is; but I cannot understand how physicians, knowing, as they do, the evil consequences of the use of tobacco, still persist in using it, thus setting an example which they know may result disastrously to some who follow it. Being the guardians of the health of the people, they should teach by example as well as by precept.

To see a physician advising a young man whose health has been seriously impaired by tobacco to discontinue the use of the weed, while the tobacco juice oozes out at the corners of his own mouth and gently trickles down over his whiskers onto his shirt bosom, forms a beautiful and consistent picture indeed. If the young man never had an idea of quitting the habit before, he certainly would have then; not, however, because of the advice of the doctor, but because of his disgusting appearance. If physicians wish to do the greatest amount of good in the world, they must live perfect lives. They should rise above all demoralizing habits. Then they will be in a position to give advice that is worth something, and can command a telling influence in the world. There is some excuse for a minister's using tobacco, for he probably knows but little about its deleterious effects. He continues to use it because he has formed the habit early in life, or, possibly, because some doctor, who had more zeal than judgment, had prescribed it for obesity, heartburn, or toothache. A hundred times better he had not prescribed at all! There is no excuse for the doctor; he should know better."

"Do physicians ever use tobacco to excess—that is, so as to seriously injure themselves?"

"Yes. I was once consulted by a physician of my acquaintance in regard to a supposed organic disease of the heart. His general health was much impaired, and he was very despondent. He had visited several health resorts, and spent many months in the mountains, but his health was no better. His memory was bad, his

mental faculties sluggish, and it required a great effort for him to control his intellectual faculties, or to pursue a definite line of thought. His complexion was sallow, and he was rather poorly nourished. He had about decided to give up business altogether, as he felt sure his health was permanently and hopelessly impaired. His heart was very irritable, intermittent, and irregular, but there was no organic lesion. I gave a hopeful prognosis. I knew him to be a slave to the tobacco habit, and told him if he would give up tobacco I felt sure his health would improve. He took my advice, and a few months later reported that he was rapidly regaining his health. He is now in active practice, and both his mental and physical conditions are good. It is questionable whether even the moderate use of tobacco should ever be advised by the physician, or whether under any circumstances it is really beneficial."

Chapter XIII

Reminiscences

I AM again in my library, and again surrounded by books and journals and papers, but not in the mood for reading any of them. My mind has again gone back to my old friend the doctor and to the lady doctor, in whom I find myself taking a great interest. I have admired her the past few days more than ever, because she has displayed so many commendable qualities; and I am really glad to know the doctor is so fortunate as to have such a brilliant lady for his friend, and perhaps more than friend. In my visions I see them now hard at work, and meeting only occasionally. They have many friends, but I see some who are not their friends. What have they done to cause these irate fellows to become their enemies? Well, the fact is, nothing. Some who are talking loudly, and saying many evil things about them, are doing so because the doctors have mildly requested them to pay for some professional service. As these people are not in the habit of doing anything of the kind, they become very wroth.

As I sit here in my library I can see and hear them talking about the doctors at a furious rate. One man says, "If I'd 'a' took another dost of his pizen, I'd 'a' been dead, and no doubt about it." And I feel sorry that he did not take the other dose. I hear another one say, "Couldn't either of 'em doctor a dog for me; they don't

know enough for that.'' Still another one says, ''They almost killed me with quinine, and I know I'd 'a' died sure if I'd 'a' kept on taking of the stuff: but I didn't; I jist went to Doctor Blank—he's an electric doctor, and he said he could doctor me without givin' me no quinine —and if it hadn't 'a' been for him I'd 'a' been dead this minit.'' You feel sorry that he is not dead, and the ''electric'' doctor will be sorry too when he undertakes to collect his bill. I hear another set of fellows mildly abusing these physicians for no other reason than that they do not happen to like them—merely because of a lack of congeniality. Another class goes on at a great rate simply because they do not happen to patronize either of these doctors. They want everybody else to patronize their doctor, because that would be evidence that everybody else—if they would do so—would recognize their shrewdness and good judgment in selecting a physician; and because everybody else does not see things as they do, they abuse the doctors employed by everybody else on general principles. It seems that these people cannot be friendly with two physicians at the same time; if they employ one, they abuse the other. Sitting here alone in my library I fancy I can see and hear these foolish people, and they amuse me a little—only a little —about as much as they disturb the doctors about whom they talk.

Here are some fellows who imagine they are having a great deal of fun at the doctors' expense. They are saying many smart things about them, and getting off a great amount of secondhand wit, which they seem to think is

very funny. They make some cheap remarks about this brilliant lady doctor. They talk about doctors in general taking life easy, fixing up jobs for the undertaker, burying their mistakes, and so on. When they see one of these physicians starting out, they say, "He's going out to kill some more of 'em"; and if the doctor goes on a vacation or leaves home they say, "He's going to give his patients a chance to get well." I have observed that these fellows are always first to send for the doctor, for they really believe in him, and every one of them is afraid of dying.

But the meanest one of all is he who accuses the doctor of keeping his patients sick. As I sit here I can see a lot of these fellows who actually pretend to believe that most physicians are really guilty of such inhuman conduct. There may now and then be a monster in human form who has been admitted to the ranks of the medical profession that would do such a thing if he knew how; but he is not a physician, he is not even human. It would not be good policy for physicians to keep their patients in bed, even if they could do it, or desired to; for such a course would injure their reputations and destroy their business. I cannot imagine any reason which is sufficiently potent to account for a doctor, no matter how great a villain he might be, keeping his patients in bed a day longer than is necessary. If those who accuse the doctors of such practices could only know how anxious physicians are for their patients to get well, how they worry about their severe cases, and how they read and study that they may be able to do the best thing for them,

they would surely refrain from giving voice to such sentiments. No! doctors are too anxious for their patients to recover to take the chances of adding a single day's sickness, even if they had the inclination to do so. They not only try to get their patients up quickly, but they actually find themselves making as few trips as possible, so that the bill may not be so large. I can now see physicians all over the country visiting patients only on alternate days, because they feel they must make the bill no larger than is absolutely necessary. I hear them say to their patrons: "If you will come for medicine every other day, I believe the patient will do quite as well. If anything goes wrong, you must let me know at once." Just such things are done every day. The physician is not the parasite these people take him to be; but, on the contrary, he is most magnanimous. He would even treat these people kindly, knowing they had expressed such opinions regarding him.

Now and then, however, there is an honest soul who knows nothing about human nature or business—or anything else, in fact—who really believes such unaccountable things about the doctors. I recall a little experience of my own in this line. I was visiting the son of a good old lady who was somewhat childish. From some cause she became possessed of the idea that I was keeping her boy sick. She had the greatest confidence in my ability, she said, and she believed that I knew enough to break the fever at once, and to relieve his headache if I would only do it. I tried to explain matters, and told her that if she would follow directions in regard to medicine and the application of cold water to his head he would be

much more comfortable and that it would hasten his recovery. But she would not do as directed; so I stayed with the boy all one afternoon, and when I left he was very comfortable and sleeping soundly. He continued to sleep nearly all night, and when he awoke in the morning was much better. The old lady was furious. She was so angry that she decided at once to have nothing more to do with me, and sent a messenger to tell me that I need not come any more. Of course, I did not go, but about ten o'clock her husband came for me to go and see the boy. He said the old lady had repented, and that she also wanted me to come.

"I employed you," said the old man, "and I have not discharged you. I am well satisfied, and do not want you to pay any attention to anything my wife may say."

I told him I would go, and was soon there; but had scarcely got into the house when the old lady opened up her battery, and the way the hot shot flew would have been very discomfiting to an ordinary mortal, but not to a doctor who had been under fire many times before.

"My son is like another boy this morning," she said; "he is almost well. You could have cured him the first day you came to see him just as well as now, but you wanted to make a big bill, and after you succeeded in doing that, and thought it wouldn't pay to come any longer, you cured him in a few hours. You let the poor fellow lie there and suffer all this time just to make a bill. Ah! you know where the good picking is. If he'd belonged to some poor person he'd have been well these several days. I always knew you were a good doctor,

but I always knew you needed watching. I won't have any other doctor treat my boy, but I'm going to watch you from this on."

She said many other things; in fact, she talked until she was completely run down and had to stop from sheer exhaustion. I was sitting in the middle of the room, and there were a number of her neighbors about. The old lady stood in front of me and gesticulated with both hands as she spoke. After what seemed a very long time she stopped, and I asked her if there was anything else she wanted to say.

"No," she said, "I think I have said about enough."

"I have no doubt of it," said I, and walked out or the room and towards my carriage.

It dawned upon her feeble little mind that I was going home without seeing her boy, and she followed. She began to beg, and when she was convinced that begging would do no good she tried flattery, and said all manner of nice things. Finding this plan worked no better than the other, she wilted, and began again to plead for me to go back and see her boy.

"He is not out of danger yet," she said, "and I cannot think of allowing any one else to treat him. Do come in and prescribe for him, and I will never say another wicked word about you as long as I live."

"Do you mean it?" said I. "If you do, I will enter into a contract with you. If you will agree never to abuse me again, and always treat me in a respectful and ladylike manner, I will go in and see your boy and treat him until he gets well."



" The old lady stood in front of me and gesticulated
with both hands."

"She agreed, and we returned to the house apparently the best of friends. When I called the next day, however, she began another tirade, but when reminded of her contract and told that if she referred to that matter again I would discontinue my visits at once, she became silent and did not again refer to it until her boy had recovered. Then I allowed her to mention it, not having the heart to deprive her of that pleasure any longer; so I let her talk, and really enjoyed it as well as she. But physicians, as a rule, are elegantly treated by the better class of people. In looking over the world, in my musings, I can see the good people everywhere showing their appreciation of the members of the medical profession. They treat them courteously, and in many ways show their respect for these guardians of their health. The better class not only treat their own physicians cordially, but they treat them all so. The well-informed lady or gentleman cannot help but have some respect for a learned profession that demands eight or ten years of hard study of all who wish to enter its portals. This is a sufficient guarantee of their worthiness, and it is so understood by all intelligent people.

There is another class of people, somewhat ignorant, who admire the doctor because they overestimate his real worth, and attribute to him almost supernatural powers. "Doc Sifers's" admirers are of this class, and they are really good fellows. Their faith in the doctor challenges the admiration of all good physicians, who sometimes feel a kind of regret that under extreme circumstances they could not meet the expectation of these admiring

friends. I imagine I can hear one of these fellows now telling a friend who has some ocular trouble just what *his* doctor can do for such cases.

"He treats all kinds of sore eyes," he says, "and could cure a case like yourn in a little less than no time. If the lashes turn in, he just cuts 'em loose and sets 'em up whar they ought to be, and fastens 'em thar; and if the lids is grown together, he just cuts 'em apart and fixes 'em so they'll never grow together agin. He turns the lids inside out and scrapes 'em, and he takes the eye out of its socket if he thinks it's necessary, and works it over and puts it back good as new. He knows all about eyes, and no mistake. I tell you, he's a corker; and if you just give him a chance, he'll fix that eye of yourn good as new in short notice."

It is a general practitioner this fellow is talking about, but it is all the same to him, for he has faith in his doctor, and he believes him to be a veritable paragon of medical knowledge. After all, he may not be far from the truth. I see many in the world belonging to this class. They are good people, and generally pay their bills; and when they are unable to pay, it is a pleasure for the doctors to treat them for nothing.

But there is a class who are entirely unworthy, and if it were not for their families would get but little sympathy in the stormy days of sickness. The class referred to is abundantly able, but too dishonest to pay a debt except under the most pressing emergencies. People belonging to this class are not numerous, but they exist in every neighborhood, and lie awake at night evolving plans by

which they can avert the demands of their physician. They are not in the habit of paying for medical attendance; and if no other excuse presents itself, a tirade of vituperative language is resorted to with a view of disconcerting the doctor until some other and more efficient plan can be evolved. It matters not how great the obligations nor how much inconvenience the doctor has experienced in waiting upon them or their families; the result is always the same. They get the professional services; the doctor gets left, and if he insists upon a fee he gets an endless amount of abuse into the bargain. But the doctor can hardly refuse to treat their families when they are sick. As for themselves, they hardly ever need a physician. If they should need one—well, physicians do not like to avenge their feelings upon a sick man, so they usually go and do the best they can.

As I look back a few years into the past I see a doctor hard at work in the family of one of this class of fellows prescribing for first one member of his family and then another. He goes through storms and mud and dark nights, and works with them day after day, and is called there night after night. He always goes and patiently waits upon them until they are all restored to health again. The doctor is a great man with this paterfamilias until he sends a statement of his account. That spoils it all, and from that time on this man is his avowed enemy. The doctor in his daily rounds meets with a severe accident that confines him to his bed for several weeks. It is cold weather, and he is out of fuel. He mildly requests this man to bring him some wood in payment of the bill,

but the fellow only laughs at the idea. He quietly and composedly views the doctor's wife gathering chips, but he is unaffected; and only smiles and turns away. He has no sympathy for either the doctor or his wife, and as he walks away he sneeringly remarks, "If he wants any wood, let him buy it; I don't propose to get it for him"; and he doesn't, either. He never pays the doctor a single cent, notwithstanding the fact that a neat little sum comes into his hands this very winter.

A few months later I see the doctor out again and hard at work. I also see in this same man's family a very sick boy. He has been treated by another physician, but he has given up and says he can do no more. I now see this man go back to the doctor and ask him if he will go and see his child. At first the doctor absolutely refuses; but when the fellow begs with tears in his eyes and describes the sufferings of his child, the doctor's sympathy is touched, and he goes day after day, often at night, and works with the boy until he is at last restored to health. He never receives a single cent for his services; he does not even receive the usual amount of abuse. The fellow seems to consider the doctor only worthy of silent contempt.

I see here in this same town a young physician treating a patient in the family of a man of this class. A few weeks later I see him present his bill with great confidence, for he does not suspect that the money will not be forthcoming. But it is not; the fellow looks him squarely in the face and says, "Young man, you want your pay, do you?" The doctor says, "I do." "Well," says

the fellow in the most contemptuous tones, "you will not be likely to get it soon; if I had intended to pay, I'd have employed a good doctor"; and he turns on his heel and walks away whistling. It is hardly necessary to state that the doctor never receives a single penny for his services.

This class of people keep behind the law; they are sometimes well-to-do, but their property is so arranged that you cannot get at it by any legal process. These fellows go in debt whenever they can get credit, but they never pay under any circumstances. It is to reach this class that the various protective associations have been organized by physicians. These societies, however, have not been successful, as a rule. In order for them to succeed, every physician in the locality must become a member and must live strictly to his obligations. The failure of a single member destroys the efficiency of the society. It is questionable whether such organizations subserve the best interests of physicians or not. Medicine can not be regarded as a trade, and physicians can never do the most good in the world when they entertain mercenary views. Physicians, dealing as they do with the lives and health of the people, can hardly afford to withhold their services when the lives of even the most unworthy are in danger. It seems that they are without protection, and at present there seems to be no solution for this important problem. I presume that medical men will not be protected for a long time to come, and that they will continue to treat these people when they get sick just as they have always done. Their abuse does not injure the physician in the least, but, on the contrary, only helps to advertise his

business; that is, it keeps him before the people. Physicians become accustomed to such things, and the vituperation of these unworthy individuals amuses them a little —just a little. When they get sick, remarkable as it may seem, the doctors usually go and see them, give them the best treatment and the most expensive drugs if they need them, and, as I heard one physician say, regard it as so much treasure laid up in the next world. Another, however, remarked that if that were his only dependence his bank account would be very small.

Looking into the past, I recall a physician's protective association which was organized in an adjoining county. For three or four years it worked very satisfactorily, and the result was that the class it was intended to reach were compelled to pay their bills. The organization really did some good. It enabled the physicians, by collecting more of their fees, to equip themselves better and consequently to do better work.

There is but little more than a living in the practice of medicine, and many physicians are entirely unable to procure the necessary books, journals, instruments, and drugs to enable them to keep pace with the times and to do such work as is required at their hands. If they were better equipped, their patients would receive the benefits accruing therefrom. People should be more prompt in paying their bills and less inclined to sympathize with the class who are constantly trying to defraud the physician out of his just fees. As a rule, if a doctor refuses to visit a patient because he knows he will get nothing but abuse for his trouble, some of the well-to-do in that man's neigh-

borhood are almost sure to become indignant over the supposed inhumanity of that physician. It would be much better for the well-to-do neighbors to sympathize with the doctor and assist him in collecting his fees, so that he in turn might become more proficient and better equipped, that he might render more efficient services.

The protective association before referred to was destined to an ignominious failure when only a few years old. One of its members got a political bee in his bonnet, and withdrew from the society purely in the interests of humanity, and so announced it in the public prints. He became very sympathetic with the poor scoundrels who were well-to-do and yet never paid a bill unless compelled to, and also with all classes of poor; in fact, he posed as one of the most magnanimous of men. For the time he almost volunteered to treat all the poor in the county, so great was his solicitude for them. The result of it all was that the protective society went to pieces. The doctor became a candidate for county treasurer, was triumphantly elected, and later absconded with the county funds. Over this the doctors became a little disheartened: only a little, however; there are so many things of greater magnitude calculated to dishearten them that experiences of this kind cause but little anxiety.

The responsibilities which every well-informed physician must sooner or later shoulder are of such magnitude as will entirely overshadow such incidents as that given above. It is not an unusual thing for a conscientious practitioner, when meditating over the possibilities of his future professional career, to wind up his meditative mood

in that peculiar mental condition known as the blues. The more imaginative he is, the more likely he is to become despondent. He feels the spell coming on, he knows the symptoms, but he is not always able to assign the cause of his complaint. But I believe the most frequent cause is meditation upon some of the difficult and dangerous professional work which he knows he will be compelled to do in some remote corner away from professional assistance; with not even an intelligent layman to help him. A conscientious desire to always do the best thing for the patient, coupled with the morbid fear of the well-known disastrous consequences which sometimes result even under the most skillful management, are very prolific predisposing causes of the blues. The more intelligent and the better qualified the physician, the more danger from these causes. Chief among the exciting causes is reading up on the difficult, intricate, and dangerous operations that must be undertaken if the physician would do his duty — operations which it would be almost criminal to fail to undertake, and which, no matter how they may result, it would be much more disastrous to the patient to leave undone. The physician who can read about these operations and then take a few moments to meditate upon his responsibilities in undertaking them, and not become a little despondent, either fails to realize the situation or does not possess that delicate and conscientious feeling for the welfare of his patients that should characterize every true physician. Often, at such times, the mental agony of the physician is just as great as when actually engaged in the fearfully responsible work.

It seems, however, that this is part of the necessary training of every good physician, and the impressions made upon the mind when in these despondent moods form an important, if not an essential, part of the mental training of every physician; and the more experience he has and the more perfect his professional knowledge, the more vivid and terrible his mental pictures when he is overcome by a serious attack of the blues. As a matter of fact, much of the trouble often met with in this world is borrowed, and the troubles of the doctor are no exceptions to the general rule. It is a common experience of the doctor to bring on an attack of the blues by meditating upon some of his recent work. He visits a patient whom he finds quite sick, and whom he believes to be so seriously ill that if not relieved in a few hours death within a few days will probably be the result. He resorts to rather heroic treatment, such as his best judgment tells him is really necessary; but afterwards, as he thinks it over, he concludes that his patient might have done fairly well with milder treatment. He begins to think of the disastrous consequences that may result from the treatment given; he magnifies it all a hundred times; he imagines he sees his patient in the agonies of death, and he can see the friends around the bed helplessly and tearfully watching the last flickering spark of life go out; but when he makes his next visit he usually finds his patient doing well. He has had all his mental worry for nothing, but his sufferings were just as great as if they had been real.

Physicians, perhaps more frequently than other mortals, become despondent over the financial straits in which

they are constantly finding themselves; for the practice of medicine is not a money-making business, and the necessary expenses of the average doctor are often greater than his income. There are a thousand and one little troubles in the physician's life that are liable to greatly depress his spirits at times, but we cannot refer to all of them. One of the most frequent is a number of very sick people—half a dozen or a dozen, it may be—all of whom are liable, from his standpoint, to discontinue their earthly existence at almost any moment. As a matter of fact, some of them may die; but most, and perhaps all of them, will get well. Again, the doctor sometimes receives adverse reports of his patients. He may know that they are improbable, yet until he has visited the patient and seen for himself he is just as despondent, and his mental worry is just as great, as if he knew the reports to be true.

As I sit here in my office, my fire burning cheerily, the coals all aglow, and the thermometer outdoors twenty degrees below zero, I fancy I can see my old friend the doctor several miles out in the country, driving at a breakneck speed, for he is in a great hurry to get home. He is suddenly accosted by one of his admiring friends.

"Doc," he says, "I want you to drive up to the house and see my wife; she's pretty sick, and I think you'd better see her afore you go home."

I see the doctor reluctantly drive to the house, which is quite a distance from the road. It is an old two-story frame building that has undergone no repairs for a generation or two. It is in a dilapidated condition, and open as

a barn. The doctor goes in. There in the back part of the large sitting room is the sick woman. She is evidently very cold, as the fire has burned low and she has barely covers enough on her bed to keep her warm when there is a good fire in the house. I can see the doctor as he looks around the room taking in the situation. Here he sees a broken window, one pane entirely gone, and a stream of cold air eight by ten inches pouring into the room through the opening. Another stream of frigid atmosphere is pouring in beneath the front door, whence the carpet strip has long since disappeared. Two more doors are in much the same condition, and near the head of the bed is the indubitable cat-hole in the floor. He looks at it musingly, for he is a diligent student of human nature, and here is indisputable evidence of its sameness the world over. He thinks of another cat-hole in the higher walks of life, for he has at one time visited Mount Vernon, the home of the Washingtons, and there in that aristocratic old residence he saw a cat-hole. It was square, just like this one, though it was not in the floor, but in the bottom of the door leading to Mrs. Washington's room. Here in this miserable abode he has discovered a similar opening made expressly for the accommodation of the feline members of the household, and he is sure that the dispositions of Mrs. Washington and this poor woman were the same in one respect at least—they both possessed a love and sympathy for cats. After his musings over the cat-hole I see him scrutinizing various other smaller openings, and then he goes to the fire and stirs the coals. Turning to the man, he says:

"You must get some wood and fill this fireplace, for the room must be warmed to its utmost; and when you get the fire built you must close the openings in the window and beneath the doors, and the cat-hole also must be stopped. Your wife's bed must be brought nearer the fire, for she is very cold."

"All right, Doc, I'll do just as you say. We are just about out of wood, but I'll send a boy after a load even if it is about dark; and while he's gone I'll cut up some rails and gather some old chunks, and we'll have a splendid fire in no time."

He cheerfully obeys the doctor's orders, and in less than an hour that fireplace is filled with dry wood, and the blaze mounts high up the chimney, the fire sizzling and crackling and throwing out the heat and sparks. The window hole, the cracks beneath the door, and, last of all, the cat-hole, are stopped according to the doctor's instructions. The doctor and his admiring friend then draw the bed near the fire, put some hot irons to the sick woman's feet, and give her some warm drinks. After the patient has had such other attentions as she immediately needs, they sit by the fire and enjoy the blaze and solid comfort of such a fire on such a night. The boy comes in with his wood, and after it is unloaded goes to the fire, only to discover that his toes are frozen; and the doctor finds he has more work to do. The boy's feet are not seriously frozen, and his case is disposed of on short notice. His father is cheerful through it all, and chats pleasantly of the weather, and of what is going on in his neighborhood; and when he is shown the pair of twins that have

just arrived, he is as happy as if they were the only babies in the world. He already has a large family, and is not burdened with the goods of this world; but he pays the doctor, and is very thankful for his services.

Now, if you will go with me again into the country, I will there show you an example of the work done by the country doctor. There are many people in the country who do not have the means to go to the city, where they can place themselves in the hands of skilled surgeons, and some of them do not have the inclination to do so. Sometimes there are other reasons, as in the case I am about to relate, why people prefer remaniing at home. And there are some who have more confidence in their family physician, and prefer to remain in his hands, and to have him operate if it must be done.

Such was the case with the young lady to whom I shall present you. She belonged to a good family, though they were very poor. She was intelligent, and possessed a moral and religious nature far above the average. She had so conducted herself as to command the respect of the entire community. She lost her health; the rosy tint disappeared from her cheeks; and it was evident that something serious was the matter. The family physician was called in, and found evidences of a tumor.

There had been passed about the little village by an old midwife a rumor that this beautiful young girl was about to become a mother. When it was decided that an operation was the only remedy, the question naturally came up whether she could be operated upon at home

or whether it would be best to send her to the city. She decided she must be operated upon at home. Said she: "My reputation is at stake, and if I go to the city it will be said of me that I went there to avoid exposure. The operation must be done at home, where people can see for themselves I have not been a bad girl; and my doctor, who is now treating me, with such assistants as he wishes to select, shall do the work. I had rather die at home and save my reputation than go to the city and live and have a suspicion resting upon me. The doctors here are good ones, and I am perfectly willing to place my life in their hands. I can only live a few days as I am. I am willing that our doctors shall have the credit of saving my life and my reputation, and I believe they can do both."

Arrangements were made for the operation, and her physician and his three assistants, who were well-tried friends, were to do the work. A little frame house which was vacant was cleaned up, and one of the rooms in it selected for the operation. On the appointed morning the doctor and his assistants were there at an early hour. A few medical gentlemen who were invited to be present were also there. The patient was greatly emaciated, and it was evident that the operation had been postponed just as long as was safe. She was heroic in her demeanor, and showed a determination and a resignation that touched the feelings of every one present.

When everything is ready, the anæsthetic is given. The patient takes it heroically, and is soon asleep. The surgeon—for we shall call him that now—is soon ready for his part of the work, and he cuts through the integu-

ment at one stroke for several inches. He now proceeds slowly, for the wall is very thin, and it is only a short distance to the tumor. He is at last through, and, the bluish glistening cystic membrane being plainly visible, he knows his diagnosis was correct. He enlarges the opening and introduces one of his hands between the tumor and the abdominal wall, and soon learns that extensive adhesions exist between the two. Most of them he is able to break loose; but he finds one thick, fleshy band which he is unable to break, and which must be tied and separated with the knife. The fluid contents of the tumor are withdrawn through a long rubber tube, and caught in a washtub beneath the table. Other adhesions are now broken loose, and as the growth is lifted forward it is discovered that there are still others. The abdominal viscera adhere in several places, and these adhesions are very dangerous to separate, for if the slightest accident should occur here it might cost the patient her life.

The doctor and his assistants are becoming very anxious, especially the one who is administering the anæsthetic, for the patient is not bearing it well. She almost ceases to breathe at times, and her pulse is very rapid and thready. He withdraws the anæsthetic at short intervals and constantly keeps a finger on her pulse. Now she ceases to breathe; but after a hurried effort respiration is again established, and the doctor looks relieved. The surgeon is still at work. His fingers tremble just a little, and his voice is a little husky, but still he works. As fast as one adhesion is overcome, another comes into view, and he is again at work.

At last the adhesions are all overcome, but the tumor is so large that it cannot be removed, and the opening is enlarged by nearly two inches so that the immense mass may be brought out. After what seems almost an age to these doctors, the tumor is on the outside of the abdominal cavity. The pedicel is now tied and the tumor is removed. There is a similar growth starting on the other side. It also is removed, the abdominal opening closed, the dressing applied, and the patient put to bed and surrounded by bottles of hot water.

This operation lasted nearly three hours, but the young woman made a good recovery. A few months later she was in perfect health, and as plump and rosy-cheeked as ever. Her reputation was saved, for the tumor, which, with its contents, weighed thirty-five pounds, was put into the tub and set in the front yard, where it was carefully examined by as many of the good or the curious people of the little village as wished to look at it.

This was the first operation of the kind for this general practitioner, but the result was all that could have been wished. It is only one of the numerous operations done by the country doctor; and the results, I believe, will compare favorably with those of the specialist.

Chapter XIV

In the Country

WINTER has passed, and spring in its annual rounds has come and gone. Summer, with its scorching days and sultry nights, is with us again; and the doctors, after their many months of weary toil, are rapidly shaping their business affairs preparatory to their well-deserved annual vacation. Quite naturally an outing in the country would come nearest the ideals of people who had been reared in the rural districts, and the old homestead, with its surroundings, would have the preference over any other rural retreat. The doctors have not visited the scenes of their childhood for some years, and it is no wonder they fondly contemplate a return to the old home, associated as it is with the most sacred memories of their youthful days. They are both busy and in high anticipation of their contemplated visit. It must not be considered that there is any understanding between them of their plans for the summer; quite the contrary. They have seldom met for several weeks. Professional duties have kept them apart, and neither of them knows anything of the other's intended visit.

The doctor, after all other arrangements have been completed for his vacation, still finds himself with a number of very sick people on his hands, some of whom are his best paying customers, people who have befriended

him in many ways since he located in the city. He cannot think of leaving them, and he determines to sacrifice his personal pleasure for their benefit and remain with them until they get well. The visit is postponed indefinitely. He decides to see Doctor Smith and learn something of her plans for the summer; but when he calls at her residence he receives the disappointing intelligence that she is already taking her vacation. He cannot learn where, except that she is in the country.

"She said she did not wish to be disturbed by telegrams," says the housekeeper, "and would not even tell me her address. She said she felt that she must retire to some secluded nook in the country where she could rest undisturbed, and quietly recuperate from the effects of her long winter's work. I am glad she has disappeared without leaving a trace of her whereabouts, for even you, Doctor, could hardly realize how tired she was. She is just killing herself, and if she does not get some rest she will give out altogether some of these days. There have already been two persons here wanting to send for her to return immediately, and I was glad that I did not know where she was. If she were to get a dispatch, she would come home at once; and I know it would not do for her to undertake another year's work without a few weeks' recreation. Nobody except those who live with doctors know anything about what hard work they have to do. Doctor, I would like to tell you where she is, but am really glad that I do not know."

The doctor walks slowly away, thinking only of a possible clue to the whereabouts of the lady doctor. He

knows she is a great admirer of the works of nature, and that the rural district possesses for her greater charms than the piles of masonry and the various works of art to be seen in the city, many of which are but poor representations of nature's own work. He also remembers that she is very sentimental concerning her old home in the country, regarding it as the most sacred place on earth, connected as it is with her early life, with her parents, her brothers and sisters, her youthful associates —and, possibly, even with himself, for he had played with her in their childhood many times, and he remembers well her pleasant surroundings, her beautiful home, and the many delightful days he himself had spent with her when a little child, and the dinners her mother had prepared for them. As he reflects, he is sure she has gone back to the country and is now with her brother and his family, into whose hands the homestead had fallen some years ago. And he finds himself more anxious than ever to revisit the scenes of his early life. His patients are improving, and the indications are that he can safely leave them in a few days, and he is half tempted to leave them in other hands even before they are entirely out of danger.

"Why should I," he muses, "sacrifice so much for those who may not appreciate my services, and can never know of the pleasures and comforts I lay upon the altar of duty for their benefit?"

Duty! if it were not for that he would be off at once. But the true physician knows of no excuse sufficiently potent to relieve him, even for a moment, from what he

believes to be his professional duty. The doctor knows too well that the physician's devotion to duty is not always appreciated. Only a short time ago he had arranged to attend the meeting of the American Medical Association, but when the time came he was treating a lady who had been dangerously ill, but was then about out of danger. When he told her husband he was going away, and that he desired to have one of his medical friends take charge of her case until he returned, the man objected, and would not consent to have the doctor go. The result was that he made a great sacrifice and remained at home. The woman made a good recovery, and he remembers too well how her husband appreciated the sacrifice then made. A few days later another member of the family was taken sick, and another physician was promptly employed.

"No matter," says the doctor to himself; "I did my duty then, and I shall do it now. I shall remain with the patients I now have until they are convalescent; then I shall depart, with a knowledge of duty well performed and with a clear conscience."

The doctor's musings are suddenly interrupted by a gentleman who reports that his wife is much better. The doctor is very much relieved by this report. His other patients are also doing quite well, but he has had some misgivings about this one, and was afraid her case might be tedious. He is now hopeful, and at once begins to arrange for his vacation. He has a few more calls, but, as it happens, no more serious cases. His other patients convalesce rapidly, and within a few days he packs his

grip and is actually on nis way to the scenes of his early life, and after an uneventful trip finds himself in the little village where he had practiced for so many years.

The town and its surroundings are very much as he had left them. His office — the only one he had while there, — with its many shelves and long rows of bottles, has remained unchanged. Even his sign is still above the door, and he wonders why it has not been removed. The physician who succeeded him, for some unaccountable reason has permitted it to remain. Is it because of a kindly feeling for his predecessor, who had educated him, that he has permitted his name to remain above his office door? The doctor can hardly hope so, but there it is, just as he had left it. Perhaps, after all, it was only because of carelessness. The contents of the office are all just as they used to be, just as he had arranged them years before. It seems as if his young friend had been scrupulously careful in maintaining the former positions of all office furniture, for the safe, the books, the medical journals, and the instruments were all in their wonted places. The same patrons are coming and going; the same bottles, and much the same remedies, are resorted to; and the doctor within a very short period of time actually finds himself prescribing and dispensing drugs as in the past. The little village itself is much the same as when he left it. A few new houses and some minor improvements alone have changed the appearance of the town. The two churches, the business houses, even the post office and the blacksmith shop, are in the same unchanged condition. The same tall, lean postmaster, with his pencil above his ear, and his indescribable air of

official importance, is there, seemingly the busiest man in town, though really he has about the least to do. The same blacksmith, with his brawny arm, is incessantly working and shaping the crude bits of iron into their wonted forms. The dry goods and hardware merchants are also here, still living the same uneventful lives,— not luxuriously, but comfortably—and enjoying life only as men can who live in the country.

The doctor's farm, adjoining the town, has undergone few changes. Here he had lived independently for several years, and here he finds the greatest satisfaction of his visit. Here also he underwent some of his greatest trials. The commingled recollections of the past crowd upon his mind in quick succession. Here he lingers and looks about the premises with a feeling of satisfaction and of sadness—of satisfaction because he still owns the farm and feels at home here, and the growing crops are vigorous and promise an abundant harvest. The doctor is pleased with all this, and his peace of mind is only marred by sad recollections of the past,— recollections, however, which are very sacred to him. Would he forget them? No! not for the world. While they cause a feeling of sadness to come over him, they are his monitors, and they serve to soften his nature, to lure him on to a still better and higher life, and to cause him to remain nearer the post of duty. No, he would not forget them, for they bring him in closer touch with the great beyond, and act as beacon lights in his onward and upward course.

Here in his old home, with the doctor who succeeded him, the doctor makes his headquarters during his vacation.

After resting for a day or two, he takes his dog and gun. The dog is the same one he left on the farm. He is very glad to see his master, and follows him about wherever he goes. He is a black terrier of little more than medium size, and has mischievous brown eyes and a loud and most persistent bark. He is still active, and, when he sees the gun, fairly dances for joy; for he realizes that there is fun on hand, and is evidently anxious to take part in the anticipated sport. The doctor is off at once in the direction of his parental home, which lies some two and one half miles away. Here he expects to try for a day or two to throw off business cares and live over, if he can, the innocent and irresponsible life of his boyhood. At that time the pathway — for it could hardly be called a road — between his father's farm and the village was through a dense forest of giant oaks and hickories, interspersed with a few other varieties of timber; but much of it has been removed, and the land is now in corn and wheat. A few houses have been built and orchards planted. In passing a skirt of timber he hears the dog, for he has treed a squirrel, which the doctor soon finds, but does not shoot. He watches it as it tries to escape and cannot, for it is entirely at his mercy and seems so anxious to seek a place of safety that the doctor, whose business for so many years has been to save life, relieve pain, and sympathize with the suffering, actually finds himself in sympathy with the harmless little creature. As he watches it in its quick, uneasy movements, he decides that he will derive more satisfaction by leaving it unharmed than by taking its life; and he calls his dog, who is very much dissappointed and even dis-

gusted over his master's unaccountable conduct, and walks away.

"I have made my first failure," he reflects, "at playing the boy. The youth of twenty years ago would have killed that squirrel if he had had to climb the tree to do it, while I became sentimental over it and would hardly have taken its life under any circumstances. What a change! I wonder if all my efforts at being young and thoughtless will miscarry as this one did."

He goes on and on, through cornfield and woods, until he arrives at the home of his childhood. He does not try to kill any squirrels, although the dog trees several. He finds the old homestead much as he had seen it last, but how different from what it was when he was a thoughtless boy roaming at will about the premises and causing his parents no end of trouble! The farm, with the exception of eighty acres, was originally in the timber, only part of which had been at the time cleared. Most of the remaining timber land is now in cultivation, and this alone gives quite a different appearance to the farm. The creek which ran near the house has also made some remarkable changes. It now occupies for quite a distance the road which formerly ran along its banks. The old swimming hole, which was familiar to all the boys within a radius of several miles, is almost filled up, and the creek contains much less water than it formerly did. The road running past the house is much the same, except that some old trees that bordered it are now dead. The old bridge has long since disappeared, but a new one has been erected in its place.

The house, which rests upon an elevated spot near the creek, is more changed than the farm itself. The two long porches that occupied the front and back of the house, together with the four bedrooms, one at either end of each porch, have been removed. With these exceptions, the house remains much the same. The large sitting and dining rooms, with the double chimney between, and the adjoining sleeping apartments, are just the same as when the doctor was a prattling babe in his mother's arms. There is the bedroom occupied by his parents, and near at hand the room where he himself had slept for so many years. Other bedrooms occupied by other members of the family are still there, still in their unchanged condition.

As he goes through the house and sees it all, with the exceptions mentioned, just as it was when he could first remember it, his mind naturally goes back to its former occupants. Where are they now? His parents have long since been dead, and he now has the most vivid recollections of their last sickness, of their death, of the undertaker, of the funeral processions, of the burials, and of how lonely it was at home without them, and especially without his mother. His father had died first and left his children in the mother's charge, and he remembers well his father's request that he, the youngest child, should be given the advantages of a liberal education, and how he had requested the older brothers to assist in this desirable undertaking. He remembers the heroic struggles of his mother in keeping the family together, and in giving them such advantages at school as she could afford.

Well does he remember how she toiled and managed and succeeded in making a comfortable living for a very few years, and then the sad recollection of how heroically and philosophically she gave up her life. She knew she was going to die, and talked about it with as little concern as if she were only going on a short journey. Well does he remember the advice she gave him, and he is consoled by the fact that he scrupulously did as she wished. He remembers the fatal night, and how she sat in her chair in her accustomed corner of the room, and predicted the hour of her death, and how resigned and satisfied she was with the winding up of her earthly career, looking forward to a future life where she might even be happier than she had ever been in this world. He remembers most vividly how lonely he was after the funeral, and how for several days he remained at home, and in the deepest study, for well he knew that, although he was not yet out of his teens, he must leave the old home and go out into the big world and struggle for an existence. He still has vivid recollections of the number of plans he formed for the future, and how each one toppled and fell for lack of practical applicability. Here for the first time he realized what it was to be turned loose in the world inexperienced and without a guide in arranging for his future course.

Reader, if you have never had such experiences, I beg of you to lend an ear to the young person who has, and who may call upon you for help or advice. A kind word here or a few dollars there may change the entire course of that young person. Who knows the result of the

proper influence and advice to the inexperienced young person just starting in life. The doctor had no friends who seemed to feel themselves capable of marking out a course for him, although he had many who wished him well: he was compelled to shape his own career, guided only by his mother's advice and his own inclinations.

He now remembers with what misgivings he left the parental home, and what slippery paths he trod, and how he had again and again been turned from alluring walks by a remembrance of his mother's influence and kindly warnings. He lives his early life over again, and is very sorrowful for a time. He remembers that he had several brothers and sisters who were very kind to him. Where are they now? Most of them are dead, the remaining ones are in other parts, and the old homestead has passed into other hands. The people who now occupy the house are old acquaintances of the doctor's, the lady having been his schoolmate, and they extend to him a hearty welcome and the freedom of the house and of the farm. In spite of all this he is very sad, and even his dog seems to be in perfect sympathy. After he has looked about for a time, he says to his friend and host, who, by the way, does not own the place, but has lived upon it for several years:

"Abe, why did they take the porches away? they have almost ruined the house."

"Well, I don't know, Doc, why they did it; I tried to prevent it, but couldn't do it. The sills were decayed, and new joists would have been needed. Still, I thought they ought to have been repaired, and I offered to do

most of the work for nothing; but they thought it wouldn't pay, and so they took them away."

"Well," says the doctor, "they might as well have taken the whole house. It seems that many people have but little respect for old landmarks, and no sentiment even for the most sacred relics. When I left this old house I resolved that just as soon as I made enough money I would buy it, and always keep it just as it was as a most fitting monument to the memory of my parents. I could have done it a few years later, but I thought my family might need the money for other things. I knew as a financial investment it would not be a good one, and that it would hardly be the right thing to make an unprofitable investment just to satisfy my own desires. So I quietly sacrificed my sentimental feelings for the benefit of my wife and children. But now I almost wish I had not done it. The satisfaction I might now have in seeing the old house as it used to be, and of knowing it could not be changed while I live, would amply reward me for my trouble. Do you know whether it could be bought now? I have a notion to buy it yet and rebuild the porches and the bedrooms just as they were."

"Yes, it could be bought, but it would cost several dollars more than when you thought of buying it."

"I don't care; I guess I'll buy it anyway; then I will not again have the vexation of seeing it in this dilapidated condition."

The doctor now feels sure he will buy the farm and restore it to its former state, and he goes with his friend to look it over. In the place of the half dozen log stables,

with their large corncribs adjoining, there is a frame barn built after the modern fashion. The change is so great that he wishes the old stables were still there, with their roomy haymows and the dozen or more fractious horses, as he remembers them when a boy. The orchard across the road, which at one time supplied almost the entire neighborhood, has long since disappeared, and only a dilapidated old tree or two remains to mark the site it once so proudly occupied.

He next goes back through what he remembers as a densely wooded lot but which is now mostly in cultivation; and before he reaches the prairie field he actually loses his bearings. Everything is strangely different, and it is with difficulty that he locates what were at one time his favorite hunting grounds. In a certain hollow near by he had caught in a hollow tree some rabbits, on either side he had killed many squirrels, and just across the fence he remembers having seen some half dozen deer lying in the grass quietly chewing their cuds and scarcely noticing him as he passed along. On he goes, believing he is again viewing familiar scenes. Things do not look quite natural, and he soon discovers that he is not where he thinks he is. As he nears the fence, he inquires for the old gate, and is told that it has long since disappeared but its site is nearly a quarter of a mile away. He now realizes that he is actually lost on the farm, every foot of which was at one time familiar to him. He goes down to where the gate had stood years ago, but nothing looks as it used to there. He can scarcely realize that this spot had ever been familiar to him. It is the same with many other things in the immediate neighborhood.

As they return to the house, the doctor remarks:

"Abe, I do not enjoy looking over the old place as much as I had anticipated; and yet every foot of ground upon which I step seems to be hallowed. While here, it seems that I can only live in the past. Every hill and hollow and remaining tree has some pleasant reminiscence. But when I think of the hundreds of trees that have been removed, many of which suggest still pleasanter recollections, I cannot help feeling disappointed. If it were only the trees I would not feel so about it; but every hollow and hillside reminds me of loved ones who, like the trees, have long since disappeared from the scenes of earth. Since I have been here, recollections of scores of people with whom I was acquainted when this was my home have crowded themselves upon my memory in quick succession. I am glad they have, for my association with them was, almost without exception, very pleasant indeed, but the thought that so many of them are now inhabitants of the 'silent city of the dead' fills me with emotions of sadness. Abe, you were raised near here and knew all the old settlers in this neighborhood. Where are they now, and how many of them are still here?"

"Well, Doc, mighty few of them are still alive. There is old Jimmie Brown, and—and old Mrs. Johnson, and—well, I believe that's all that are still here, but there is old Mrs. James over at Bruceville. If there are any others alive, I don't know of them. I guess they're all gone. Only a few of your playmates are here now — hardly a dozen in all,— and all the rest in this neighborhood are strangers. I tell you, things are not much as they were.

The old schoolhouse has long since disappeared. We will go by the place where it stood, if you like; it is right over there near the edge of the creek bottom. You can see the place from here."

"Yes, Abe, we will go and view once more the scenes of the 'birch rod' and of the many pleasant and innocent games of childhood's happy hours."

When they reach the place, the doctor stands in silent contemplation. Here is the site of the old house. Over there in the field is where the boys used to play "town ball." Here, almost within twenty feet of the house, is where the water from the overflowing stream used to rise in the rainy season. Just out there he got his feet wet, and the teacher put his shoes under the stove to dry. It was the first day he had worn them, and when he was permitted to get them they were burned to a crisp, and he had to go home in his stocking feet. He well remembers how mad he was at that teacher. He is hardly in a good humor yet, but presumes he ought to be, for the teacher has been dead for many years. Just over there a little way is where the boys used to go in bathing when they would steal away from school on hot summer days, and go skating with the girls in winter. Here the innocent sports of the spelling school were engaged in by both sexes on winter evenings during the long recesses that formed the chief attraction on such occasions. Right over there beneath the shade of that tree, the dearest girl in all the school used to sit with him and talk of the possibilities of the future. They really thought a great deal of each other in their childish way, but their paths diverged

and for a long time he did not even hear of her. In short, every inch of ground within his view is crowded with pleasant memories of the past. For a dozen years he had attended school here, and vividly recalls to memory the names of nearly all his schoolmates. Many of them are still living; many have ceased their weary toil and are trying the realities of another world. Of those remaining, some are farmers, some mechanics, and some are day laborers. A few of them entered the learned professions; some have succeeded beyond their fondest hopes. Others entered upon a business career: some succeeded; others failed. When he began the practice of medicine in this community, he was employed by most of his former schoolmates, and always gave them the closest attention whether they could pay their bills or not. It is quite pleasant to recall the time when they and he were thoughtless children playing together on this very spot. As he follows them on down to the present time, the picture they present is a variegated one indeed, so many are the shades of color painted upon it by these different persons.

"Come, let us go, for I do not desire to dwell upon these thoughts longer," says the doctor.

They return to the house, where the doctor decides to spend another night. Some of his former schoolmates who are still in the neighborhood call to pay their respects, and the evening is spent very pleasantly talking over old times and recalling the many amusing incidents of their early life.

The doctor sleeps in the same bedroom he had occupied for so many years; but how different his feelings!

He cannot be the thoughtless boy again; quite the contrary; his mind will go back in spite of himself to other days. The fact that the present occupants of the house are not the same annoys him greatly, although they are very kind to him. He cannot help thinking that his parents and his brothers and sisters are not there. Not one of his friends who occupied the house when he last slept in it is there now. He is indeed a lone one of the family who has returned to view the ruins of a broken, but at one time very happy, home. Everything is changed and seems only a gentle reminder of some incident in his early life. Would he forget them? No! He is glad he came, for he can now realize more than ever the pleasantness of his surroundings when a boy. Ere he sleeps he lives his past life over again, and it is almost as real to him as when he first lived it. At last he falls into a gentle slumber, and dreams of the loved ones of long ago. In his sleep he is present at a family reunion, and when he awakes in the morning he is disappointed to know that it was only a dream.

After breakfast he visits the two remaining old settlers for a short time. When he again returns to his old home for dinner, he is surprised to find a number of his friends assembled there, and a feast prepared for him. The table is loaded with the good things of the season, all prepared as only farmers' wives and daughters can prepare them. The doctor's emotions almost overcome him, but he at last finds words with which to express his appreciation of their kindness. After a short all-around chat, dinner is served.

The doctor is happy, happier than he has been for a long time. "One thing only is lacking," he muses: "if that little girl who was brought back so vividly to my memory at the site of the old schoolhouse could only be here now, as the Doctor Smith she now is, I am sure my happiness would be complete. But," he silently reflects, "all the pleasures of life cannot be crowded into one brief moment."

This dinner, like everything else, brings back memories of the past, and recalls the many similar dinners which his mother had prepared for him and his young and thoughtless friends, some of whom are at this very moment sitting at the table with him, and one of whom, John Payne by name, seems to be reflecting on the past much as the doctor is doing, for he says:

"Doctor, this reminds me of some of the dinners your mother gave us years ago; and if the front porch were there and we upon it, the resemblance would be complete."

"Yes," says the doctor, "this does remind me of old times, and everything about me and everything upon this farm reminds me of some past occurrence. It seems that I have done nothing since I have been here but live in the past. I have been very sad at times, but am really glad I came. I would not forget my early associations. I am truly glad to have them crowd upon my memory as they have been doing. I am also glad to meet so many of you here, and to see you looking so well. Yes, mother did give some good dinners, and I am sure we enjoyed them—for who can enjoy eating like a lot of hungry

children?—and I believe it was a source of satisfaction for her to prepare those dinners and to see us devour them."

"I have no doubt of it," says John Payne; "and I have often wondered how she could so often feed such a gang of wild and ravenous boys without sometimes losing her temper. She was always in a good humor, and always seemed to be glad to see us."

"Remarkable as it may appear, I am sure she was really pleased to have us visit her," says James Woods, another of the doctor's friends. "If it had only been the boys she fed, I should not have thought so much about it; but when they had meeting at the old schoolhouse, which was pretty often, it seemed to me she used to feed half the congregation. I remember one winter night, when the 'hard shell' Baptists had meeting, there came up a furious snowstorm. Nearly the entire congregation, myself included, stayed overnight here. Next morning the snow was two feet deep, and we didn't get away for a day or two. Your mother was in the best of humor, treated us royally, and we fared sumptuously as long as we were forced to stay. Your father also had much company. Being a generally well-informed man, with a wide acquaintance, he was visited by many people, and especially those of the higher walks of life. People from all over the country and from the different towns came here for a day or two of quiet recreation with your father, who, in a social way, was quite a success. As I first remember this old house, it was more like a hotel than a private residence."

"Yes," replies the doctor, "I well remember those good old times, and this day reminds me of the social features here, when we were children."

The company sits for a long time talking of the old times and of the present whereabouts and environments of their absent friends. The lady doctor is, quite naturally, referred to. Her brother, who is present, and who is a close friend of the doctor, says he understands she is doing a good business, and is very comfortably situated. He also says he has expected her to visit him this summer, but he is not certain that she will, as he has not heard from her for some time. Here the doctor almost displays evidence of surprise, for up to this very moment he has had no doubt that she was quietly recuperating in the shade of her old home. It is indeed a surprise to him to learn that she is not. He feels very much disappointed, and can hardly keep from evincing it. Her brother then asks if he knows anything about her plans for the summer.

"No," says the doctor, "I do not. I learned incidentally that she was taking her vacation, but I did not learn where."

Her brother seems to be somewhat disturbed by this intelligence. He also feels a little disappointed over the doctor's apparent indifference in regard to his sister; for he has hoped that the well-known friendship and congeniality existing between them might ripen into a deeper affection which would yet unite them in more sacred bonds. He now feels that his hopes will never be realized. "They have had every opportunity," he muses,

"to cultivate what I supposed was more than ordinary friendship; but from the doctor's remarks and his apparent disinterestedness, I infer that they are gradually drifting apart. Can it be that professional competition has obliterated the memories of childhood's happy hours and of youth's frivolous pleasures, and caused them to assume that cold indifference and dignified demeanor born of professional asperities? No," he reasons, "it cannot be; they have always lived above such things, and I cannot believe that either of them would ever be guilty of such foolishness." Here the light begins to break through his beclouded intellect. As he remembers the doctor's quick, nervous movement and his surprised and anxious look when his sister was referred to, although it lasted but an instant, he is sure it meant that his friend had expected to find her at his house; and he wonders if it were not such expectations that had caused the doctor to return to his old home. Such thoughts as these for a time take possession of his mind, and he is pleased in anticipation of a possible visit from his sister, and a rekindling of the smoldering sparks of years ago.

Dinner being over, the guests sit and talk until late in the afternoon. Too quick the time arrives for them to part; reluctantly the last good-bye is said; and the doctor's old-time friends depart, conscious of having spent an exceedingly pleasant afternoon. Last of all the doctor takes his leave, and returns to the village and his farm.

"I did not spend my time as I had anticipated," he muses as he rides along—for he returns in a carriage. "Playing the rôle of a thoughtless boy is by no means an

easy thing to do, and especially about the old homestead. While there I was continually thinking of things that occurred when I was a boy, but to do any of those things over again would have been an impossibility. I had but little desire to hunt; and if I'd had, the game has all disappeared except a few squirrels and quails, which my conscience would not allow me to kill. The creek, which was a running stream the year round, has almost dried up; and the fish have disappeared from its channel. I was continually reminded of the past; and my friends who called upon me today were only gentle reminders of how distant that past really is. They do not seem to be so well preserved as I, who have scarcely any wrinkles or gray hairs: quite the contrary; some of them, who have evidently had a hard struggle for an existence, look like people nearing their threescore years and ten. As I looked at them I could hardly believe they had been my playmates and were but a year or two my seniors. As I scrutinized their careworn features, I realized that the days of my childhood were a long distance in the past. I have always thought that age could be stayed in its triumphal march by certain environments and conditions. It was very evident that the lives of some of my gray-haired and wrinkled friends had been burdened with trials and hardships, and that they had had a hard struggle for an existence. On the other hand, some of my friends looked to be even younger than myself. They have been differently situated, have not had the same eternal fight for bread, and possess the happy faculty of looking upon the bright side of things and never borrowing trouble or

fretting about uncontrollable occurrences. It is not always the poorest that have the most ancient appearance. There was Joe Push, who was the oldest-looking one present: he is very wealthy, I understand. He has always worried over his business, has worked in rain and storms and cold weather, late and early, and has driven his friends away from him by his greed; and what has he to show for it? A sour temper, wrinkles and gray hairs, and broken health. I verily believe he was the most unhappy one there today. On the other hand, there is Jimmie Gains, who looks about ten years younger than he really is, and is not worth a dollar. His wife looks just about as young as he. They have raised a large family, always been in good spirits, and have really enjoyed life. As I looked at him today I felt sure he was about the happiest one there. He is a regular Mark Tapley, jolly under all circumstances."

The doctor's mind is busy with such thoughts until he arrives at his farm. Here he remains for a number of days, resting, renewing acquaintances, and occasionally riding with his successor to visit some patients.

On Sunday morning the doctor decides to attend Sunday school—the same school he had attended when in his teens, and had superintended before he began his professional studies. He had attended and participated in the exercises of this school for more than twenty years, and had seen it grow from an insignificant beginning in the old log schoolhouse to be one of the largest and most influential schools in the entire county. Well does he remember when it was first organized. There were not

church members enough in the entire neighborhood to act as officers. The first superintendent did not belong to church; and very frequently there would not be a professed Christian present. At such times the school was opened without prayer. It was a success, however, and many of the young people who attended it afterwards became Christians. His early associates in the work here are now scattered over the face of the earth. Some are dead; a few of them are still here, and their children are the senior scholars; and some of them officers in the school.

As he enters the church he sees some familiar faces, but he is surprised at the change that has taken place. Those who were the little pupils when he moved away are now in the advanced classes, and the juniors are nearly all strangers to him. It hardly seems possible that such changes could come about in a time that seems so short. He soon becomes used to the changed conditions, however, and almost imagines himself one of the pupils as of old, or an officer, as he had been for so many years, and when he is invited by the superintendent to make a few remarks he is on his feet talking away very much as he had done in the past, hardly realizing that he is a visitor. As he comes to himself and remembers that he is a back number, he decides to give some reminiscences of the school. He refers to the first superintendent, who is still alive, a well-preserved, gray-haired gentleman of some seventy odd years. He tells how the first school was conducted, and how the superintendent after the adjournment used to retire with the boys to the grove near at

hand and spend the remainder of the day playing marbles and other innocent games. He says that the school did a great deal of good even at that early day, and was the beginning of a moral and religious influence that resulted in the development of almost an ideal community.

We will not take the time to follow through his remarks. It is enough to say that his experience here was very pleasant, for he met many of his former acquaintances in the Sunday school and at the preaching services which immediately followed. After the service, he is invited out to dinner. He spends a very pleasant afternoon, and again attends church at night. These church services are very pleasant to him, for he had helped to organize the church here many years before.

The following week he spends much as he has the previous one—visiting old friends, renewing acquaintances, attending to some business affairs, and occasionally dispensing drugs to his old friends. During all this time he has heard nothing of the lady doctor, and has given up the idea of meeting her here. He now finds himself growing restless, and decides to return to the city the first of the coming week.

Sunday has come again, and the doctor is once more at Sunday school. As he looks around he sees the lady doctor sitting in the very seat she had occupied when she was to him the "dearest girl in all the school," and he now admires her more, if possible, in her matronly appearance, than he did then. She appears older and more thoughtful than she did years ago, though she still looks young. Her massive head, her unruffled features,

her intelligent eyes, and the great soul depicted in her every act tell very plainly that she is more than an ordinary woman. The doctor is indeed proud of her, and can hardly wait till services are over to speak to her.

Somehow, the sermon seems long and uninteresting this morning, but at last the closing hymn is sung and the benediction pronounced. The doctor in his handshaking incidentally finds himself saluting the lady doctor, who is very much surprised to see him. He has but little to say to her, but as he passes on casually remarks that he may see her again before he returns to the city. He continues shaking hands with his old friends as he comes to them. He receives a number of invitations to dinner, but cannot accept any of them, as he has already promised to dine with some friends in the village. He remains at the church a long time talking to some intimate acquaintances, and when he hurries away feels that he will be late and cause his friends some inconvenience. He only hurries the more, and a few minutes later, when he arrives all in a flush, is again most agreeably surprised to meet the lady doctor. "This is indeed a most unexpected pleasure," he says, as he recognizes her and a number of other friends. To say that he passes a very pleasant afternoon would be stating it mildly. He has enjoyed his visit very much. He had reluctantly decided to return to the city and to business on the following day, but during the evening he concludes to remain one day more.

Early next afternoon he calls on the lady doctor at her old home. She gives him a pleasant reception, and he is

soon very much at ease. They sit upon the front porch where they had sat and played many times when children. Here their minds are crowded with reminiscences. It seems that neither of them can get away from old-time memories, and the doctor remarks that he has done nothing but live in the past since he has been in the neighborhood.

"Everything," he remarks, "wherever I go, only reminds me of some former experience. Even while sitting here with you my mind goes back to the time when we were children, and to the many happy hours we then spent about this old house and upon this very porch."

"Yes," she replies, "I have myself lived very much in the past since I came here. This old home is not to me what it once was; yet I like to come back to it for a few days whenever I can, and quietly rest, and enjoy the society of my brother and his family, and know I will not be disturbed by professional calls. This old farm is the most sacred place in the world to me. Here my parents lived for many years, and here I spent the first few years of my life, knowing nothing of the great outside world—nothing, in fact, outside of the immediate neighborhood. The old Baptist church that stood not more than two hundred yards from where we now sit was where I heard the first sermon. Once a month there was preaching. Usually half a dozen ministers were present, each of whom discoursed in turn upon predestination, the utter inability of man to take any part in his own salvation, and kindred topics, until far in the afternoon. Such times were real events in my early life."

"I remember that old church," says the doctor, "with its tall pulpit and long benches. There was not a comfortable seat in it, and I used to wonder how you could all sit there for such an intolerably lengthy service."

"It was a little tiresome, I admit, but these services," she remarks, "were so rare that we gladly accepted their inconveniences and thought but little about them."

"I learned my first lessons in gallantry in that old house," remarks the doctor. "There was not room enough for all the congregation, and the men and boys who were unfortunate enough to find seats were always glad of an opportunity to relinquish them to the ladies. You see, we could be gallant and at the same time do ourselves a great favor, and we became very attentive upon such occasions."

"Yes," she says, "many of the gentlemen did so, but if my memory serves me right there was one young man who did not often take chances of having to sit for three or four hours upon those old benches."

"True; but when he did, if the fair excuse for relinquishment did not present herself he could submit to the inevitable very gracefully indeed."

"The old church," says the lady doctor, "has been removed, and scarcely a piece of it remains to mark the spot where it stood."

The doctor inquires if there is nothing preserved as a memorial of those who so faithfully worshiped there in the early settlement of this country.

"Yes," she says, "there is one thing; the communion table is in a good state of preservation. When they

abandoned the house, I took possession of it, and shall keep it as a fitting memorial of those good people."

"They were indeed good people," he responds; "they entertained some peculiar opinions, but they certainly were Christians in every sense of the term. I do not believe we should judge people by what they profess nearly so much as by what they do. The daily lives of these people were almost beyond criticism, and they always and in every particular lived up to their obligations. They were everyday Christians, and I always entertained for them the greatest respect. I believe the world would be better off today if there were more such people, more such child-like faith, and less criticism."

"That is, no doubt, true," responds the lady doctor, "and that is one reason why I enjoy coming back here to the country, where there is less artificiality and more sincerity amongst the people—not so much deception, but more honesty,—and in the church not so much gospel for the rich, but more for the poor. Here the poor actually have the gospel preached to them, and their simple faith in it is beautiful to behold. And how much happier they are than those whose minds have been filled with doubts, not only by infidels, but by so-called friends of the Bible and of the Christian religion!"

"I believe every word you have spoken," says the doctor, "and until these critics have something better to offer I presume the world would be as well off without them."

"That may be true," she responds, "but I am sure that neither the so-called advanced thought, nor science, nor the higher criticism will ever permanently weaken the hold

the Bible has upon the world, but, on the contrary, will only strengthen it, for it cannot be overthrown. It is here for all time, and those who place implicit confidence in its teachings, as our Baptist friends did, are much the happier for it. For this and other reasons I admire country life. It is natural and real; there is nothing artificial about it. Even Christianity here is much more real and more earnest than in the city."

"Yes," says the doctor, "there are many charms attached to life in the country. The charm of independence and natural living can never be obtained by people who reside in the city. Country life is more simple, and it certainly is more sincere, and real poverty is scarcely known here. I, like most people, enjoy the bustle of city life, but I realize that there is very little sincerity about it. I realize that on every hand there are numbers of people ready to take every advantage offered by the most trivial opportunity, and that we must guard our every action, and especially our wealth if we have any."

"All these things," says the lady doctor, "crowd themselves upon my mind at times, and I long for the quiet of the country, of this retreat. I sometimes wonder why I did not remain near this old home, where I could have resorted frequently, and where I could have lived amongst the only true friends I have ever known. I greatly enjoy my work in the city, and have some good, reliable friends there; but my relations with them are not quite so natural and unrestrained, and I sometimes doubt whether, if I should need real friends—that is, friends in adversity—I could depend upon them as I can upon my friends here."

"I know of one upon whom you could rely," remarks the doctor, as he moves his chair just a little nearer.

Here their conversation becomes more confidential, and they discuss matters about which the reader is not supposed to be particularly interested. They occupy the porch until late in the evening undisturbed, until the hired girl announces supper, after which the doctor reluctantly takes his leave and the next day returns to the city. A few days later the lady doctor also returns.

Chapter XV

A Coincidence

THE doctors have been very busy the last few days, and have seen but little of each other since their return from the country. The unrelenting demands of their profession have kept them apart. They have thought much of each other lately, and are beginning to realize that each of them is even more to the other than they had presumed. There is a vacancy in their lives when apart, and they have a longing for each other's society. There seems to be an affinity existing between them, which is rapidly bringing them together. Heretofore they have only been congenial friends, but since their visit to the country they are sure there is more than mere friendship existing between them. In spite of themselves, they find, on their daily rounds, that their thoughts turn constantly to each other, and they hope that fate may soon bring them together. An occasional note or telephone message between them is about all they have known of each other, notwithstanding the fact that they are located in the same vicinity.

The doctor has finished his day's work—so far as he is capable of knowing. He has made his last professional call. He arranges his toilet very carefully, and quietly leaves his room. As he walks briskly along, you are sure he has one more call to make—just one more—and you suspect the patient he is now going to see is not

seriously ailing. A few minutes later you see him in front of the lady doctor's residence. He mounts the steps and rings the bell. A servant announces that she is not at home. "She tried to reach you through the telephone, but could get no answer," she says: and hands him a note which reads as follows:

DEAR DOCTOR JONES: Very sorry to disappoint you, and myself as well; but I have a call that demands my immediate attention, and have reluctantly consented to go. Sincerely,

JOSEPHINE SMITH.

From his appearance you know the doctor is greatly disappointed. He remains upon the steps for a moment. "I had hoped," he reflects, "that she would sometime be free from professional engagements, but it seems that it is not to be that way. If one is at leisure, the other is sure to be busy. At least, it has occurred that way quite often of late, almost too often for a mere coincidence. Not a coincidence! how could I permit such a thought to enter my head? No! she is already overworked, and to think that she must be deprived of this pleasure!" He reads her note again. It is true she really regrets this as much as he, and he reluctantly retraces his steps, thinking only of his professional sister, and of the unrelenting demands of her calling.

He does not sleep soundly tonight; he dreams of the lady doctor, and as he sees her she casts a wistful glance at him and smiles. He is elated, for he knows that he is the favored man—favored beyond all men—for he is sure she has no equal in all the world. Then he sees her

walk away with another, a rival he knew not of, and she is lost—lost to him forever. He awakes and feels relieved on realizing it was only a dream.

She also dreams, but, because of her trustful and confiding nature, is not disturbed by discomforting visions. She sees the doctor only as the perfect gentleman she has always known him to be. Her dreams are pleasant. When she appears next morning, the following note is placed in her hand.

My Dear Doctor Smith: I was very sorry, but not surprised, to learn you had been suddenly called away. You did right to go. Will call this evening at six sharp. Your friend,

Samuel Jones.

At the appointed time the lady doctor is in her parlor. She watches the clock; it is not yet the appointed time. "He will be here early," she reasons; and she is already finding herself impatiently waiting his coming, but he comes not. It is past six, and he is not here; half past, and he has not come; seven o'clock, and no doctor in sight; eight o'clock, and still he is not here. She is now sure he also has had some professional engagement that has kept him away. She sits up late thinking he may yet come, but she at last retires, sleeps soundly, and awakes in the morning very much refreshed and looking her best and cheeriest.

The doctor had had a consultation in one of the adjoining towns, and was out most of the night. When they meet upon the street during the day, a word of explanation follows.

The county medical society has fitted up rooms in the courthouse for a permanent place of meeting, and arrangements are being made to dedicate them at the coming meeting, which is now only a few days off. Physicians have been invited from the adjoining counties, and the president and secretary—the doctor and the lady doctor—have been quite busily engaged with the affairs of the society, and have had occasion to meet quite frequently. They are evidently not averse to this feature of their work. In this instance the telephone, it may be presumed, was inadequate. The doctor makes a few informal calls in regard to the coming meeting of the society, and there is ground for a suspicion that these visits are prolonged beyond the time necessary for the transaction of business.

The evening of this eventful meeting arrives. At an early hour the members of the society, and their guests, begin to assemble at the place of meeting. The members are congratulated upon the beauty and comfort of their rooms, which are very commodious and nicely carpeted and furnished. Among the numerous pictures of illustrious medical gentlemen of the past and present is an excellent likeness of Daniel Drake, M. D., who in 1819 founded the Medical College of Ohio, and who died in Cincinnati November 6th, 1852, and who, it is said, had the largest funeral of any man who had ever died in that city. He commenced the study of medicine, possessed only of such education as he had been able to acquire by his own efforts. This man probably did as much for Cincinnati as any one; and his life—as all such lives do—

challenges the admiration of all people. Besides being a philanthropist he was a stanch advocate of the temperance cause, and was a sincere Christian. He is a splendid example for young men to emulate, and no wonder his portrait is given a conspicuous place in this elegant room. In a still more conspicuous place hang the portraits of two other eminent physicians. They are still living. Their portraits are in the same frame, and they are so near together that their faces almost touch. They are pioneers in the profession, and are great favorites wherever known. They are highly esteemed by the entire membership of this society, and of the larger societies to which they belong. One of them has spent fifty years as a general practitioner; the other has been in the harness nearly as long. They have been close friends for many years, and have lived above the petty jealousies, envy, and strife that sometimes exist in this learned profession. No more beautiful illustration of the brotherly feeling and of true manhood, and of professional congeniality and courtesy and of charity than is here displayed to the members of the profession and especially of this society, has ever, or can ever, be produced. There are several other portraits which I shall not attempt to describe, but which are in perfect keeping with all the furnishings of these elegant rooms.

It is evident that there will be a large attendance and a splendid time. Good humor prevails, and every one is doing his best to make himself agreeable. The local members work in harmony, and are all endeavoring to entertain their visitors in the most pleasing style. It is

about time for the call to order, but the president and secretary are not here yet. They soon come walking in together. The lady surgeon has preceded them by only a few minutes, and there is a general all-around chat. The presiding officer, the secretary, and the lady surgeon are introduced to those present with whom they have not previously had the pleasure of meeting.

When it is time for business, the house is called to order by the president. The secretary reads the minutes of the previous meeting, which, of course, are accepted as read. All other business being suspended, the first paper of the evening is called for. It is read by one of the old pioneers, whose portrait, which hangs in front and to one side, looks him in the face and seems to nod its assent whenever he scores a point, which is pretty often. His paper is entitled "The Practice of Medicine in the Past Fifty Years." It is full of interest and humor, and is an excellent review of the advancements made in the science and art of medicine and surgery. The reader is quite frequently applauded by an appreciative audience. The next paper is on "The Management and Treatment of Organic Diseases of the Heart." This is a résumé of the entire subject, and contains much valuable information for the profession in regard to the treatment of these diseases. After a short recess for refreshments and general conversation, the house is again called to order, and one of the visiting doctors speaks upon "The Life of the Physician." He handles his subject admirably, considering the three phases of the physician's life. He speaks of the physician, first, as a young man, with all of his professional life

before him; next, when he is in middle life, and doing his most active work; and concludes with a beautiful tribute to the old physician, whose work is almost completed, whose professional life is mostly in the past, and who is rounding out his useful career with kind words and benevolent acts. The speaker was eagerly listened to, and loudly applauded at the conclusion of his remarks.

It is now announced that the papers of the evening will be discussed, and another venerable physician, whose portrait also hangs on the wall, is invited to lead the discussion. After paying a beautiful tribute to the author of the first paper, and complimenting the last speaker upon the excellence of his remarks, he says he has been carried back to his early career as a physician and brought on down to the present time, and has thus been made to live his professional life over again. "The statements made by the speakers," he says, "are all true, and coincide with my own life and with my own experiences."

After this venerable speaker has taken his seat, many of the physicians present participate in the discussion of these interesting papers. The meeting is now adjourned, and after a short time spent in social intercourse, all retire to their homes. The doctor goes out with downcast features, for the lady doctor was called away a short time before the house adjourned, and he is alone in a crowd.

As you step out of the house next day, you catch sight of the doctor approaching in his buggy. From the way he is driving, he must be in a great hurry; but he stops his horse long enough to invite you to go with him.

You accept the invitation and are off at a breakneck speed, and he informs you that he is going to see a case of opium poisoning.

"The patient is a little girl," he says, "who through a mistake has been given a teaspoonful of laudanum, and as she is only a few weeks old the probabilities are that there will be a great fight for her life—a fight in which I may be the loser. But sometimes these patients can be saved, even after they have taken large doses, and when life seems to be almost extinct."

It is late in the afternoon, the sun is almost down, and you are thinking about the sleep you will lose if you see the doctor through with his work. But you decide to stay with him. While you are busy with these thoughts he drives up in front of a splendid residence which stands several yards from the street, surrounded by a beautiful lawn and trees and flowers, and has a large veranda or porch in front and around one side. It is a beautiful home, and is certainly indicative of affluence. As you dismount, you observe the lady doctor's carriage also in the act of stopping in front of this same residence. The doctor assists her to alight, and they and you go hurriedly into the house.

Your first impression is that the child is dead; you are certain the family regard her as lost—lost to them forever. As you see her weeping friends, who are doubly distressed because it is their own carelessness that has caused the death of their child—for they believe her to be dead, or at least beyond any worldly help,—you also feel very sad over their bereavement. Looking at the

child as she lies motionless in the cradle, you are sure that all is over. But now you think you see a feeble effort at respiration, and you begin to hope that there may still be some life in the little one.

The doctor lifts her from the cradle, produces a few artificial respirations, listens to her heart, and produces a few more respirations. She can no longer breathe by her own efforts, but the doctor, by a kind of pumping process —lifting her arms high above her head, then bringing them down along her side and mildly compressing her lungs, then lifting her arms above her head again, and then bringing them down again, and again gently compressing her chest—is enabled to pump fresh air into her lungs. After a long time the little heart takes a new energy and beats stronger. The doctor now tells the lady doctor there is still some life remaining, and says, "You give the medicine, and I will continue the artificial respiration." She gives a hypodermic injection, uses the stomach pump, and gives some strong coffee. The doctor continues the artificial respirations, and for seemingly a long time keeps the little one alive in this way. He at last ceases and watches her closely. She breathes, and after a very long interval breathes again and again. He counts the time between respirations, and says there is yet hope of saving her life. He continues the artificial breathing, and the lady doctor again gives some medicine with her hypodermic syringe, and some more coffee.

Thus they work hour after hour, making but slow progress. When the doctor again ceases his efforts, the child breathes at a little shorter intervals, and the doctors

are encouraged and work on and on. But the old grandmother, in her sympathy for the child, cannot bear to see her used so roughly, and she goes to the doctor and asks him to discontinue his efforts.

"You cannot save her life," she says, "and I wish you would let her die in peace."

"I have a duty to perform," says the doctor, "and I must perform it. As long as there is any life in the child I shall continue my efforts to restore her. There is a chance for the baby to live, and I shall bring her back to life again if possible."

"Do you really believe, Doctor, there is a possibility of saving her life?"

"I do, and we shall continue our efforts until we are absolutely certain nothing more can be done or—what seems most probable—until she is out of danger."

"I beg your pardon, Doctor, and I do hope you can save her life, for it will almost kill her parents if she should die; they would blame themselves and would never get over it."

The doctors still work, but the medicine is given at longer intervals, and the lady doctor insists upon relieving the doctor. "You must be very tired," she says, "and I will relieve you for a time at least." The doctor hesitates, but gives way, and then she runs the child's breathing apparatus quite as successfully as he had done. But after rather a short interval he insists upon again taking charge. "This," he says, "is too hard work for you. I am strong and do not mind it," and he takes the child and works away as steadily as a clock, hour after hour,

and he only permits the lady doctor to relieve him a short time at long intervals. The child is evidently improving, and by keeping her awake she breathes fairly well; but she is very stupid, and when not aroused almost ceases to breathe. The artificial respiration is continued, and more medicine given. It is not until a late hour that the doctors feel themselves justified in leaving this little patient in the hands of her parents. She is at last out of danger. Her life has been saved. She has been brought back almost from death itself by the intelligent, untiring efforts of these physicians. There is a great contrast between the scenes you observe here now and when the doctors first came. Then all was confusion and despair; now all is quiet, and silent but unspeakable happiness prevails. Then the grief-stricken parents regarded their child as lost; now they know she will live. She is even now almost well. The doctors seem to regard this brilliant feat as a matter of course, but the family regard it as almost a miracle, and are very profuse in their expressions of gratitude.

The doctors now retire to the veranda to conclude their consultation, and to make such other arrangements as are necessary for the future welfare of their patient.

"You will now take charge of this case," remarks the doctor.

"It is not my patient," she replies, "for I have never done any practice for these people before. I supposed this was one of your families."

"This is my first practice in this family, also," returns the doctor. "I prefer that you take this case, and see it again this morning. Can you do it?"



" Silently taking the hand of his companion, he places
the ring upon her finger."



"If it is your pleasure, I can."

Presently the doctor speaks again. "It seems that it is by a happy coincidence that we have been brought together here," he says.

The night is now almost gone, and as they stand there upon the veranda, the moon sending its mellow rays of light through the spreading branches of the trees, a solitary chanticleer sends forth from a distant barnyard the first note to herald the approaching dawn. The doctor takes from his pocket a plain gold ring, and silently taking within his own the beautifully formed hand of his companion, he places the ring upon her delicate finger.

A happy coincidence has brought the doctors together to share equally in saving the life of this little patient. Frequently the unrelenting demands of their profession have kept them apart, but constantly they have brought them into closer sympathy with each other, and now these ideal representatives of the general practitioner are one.

